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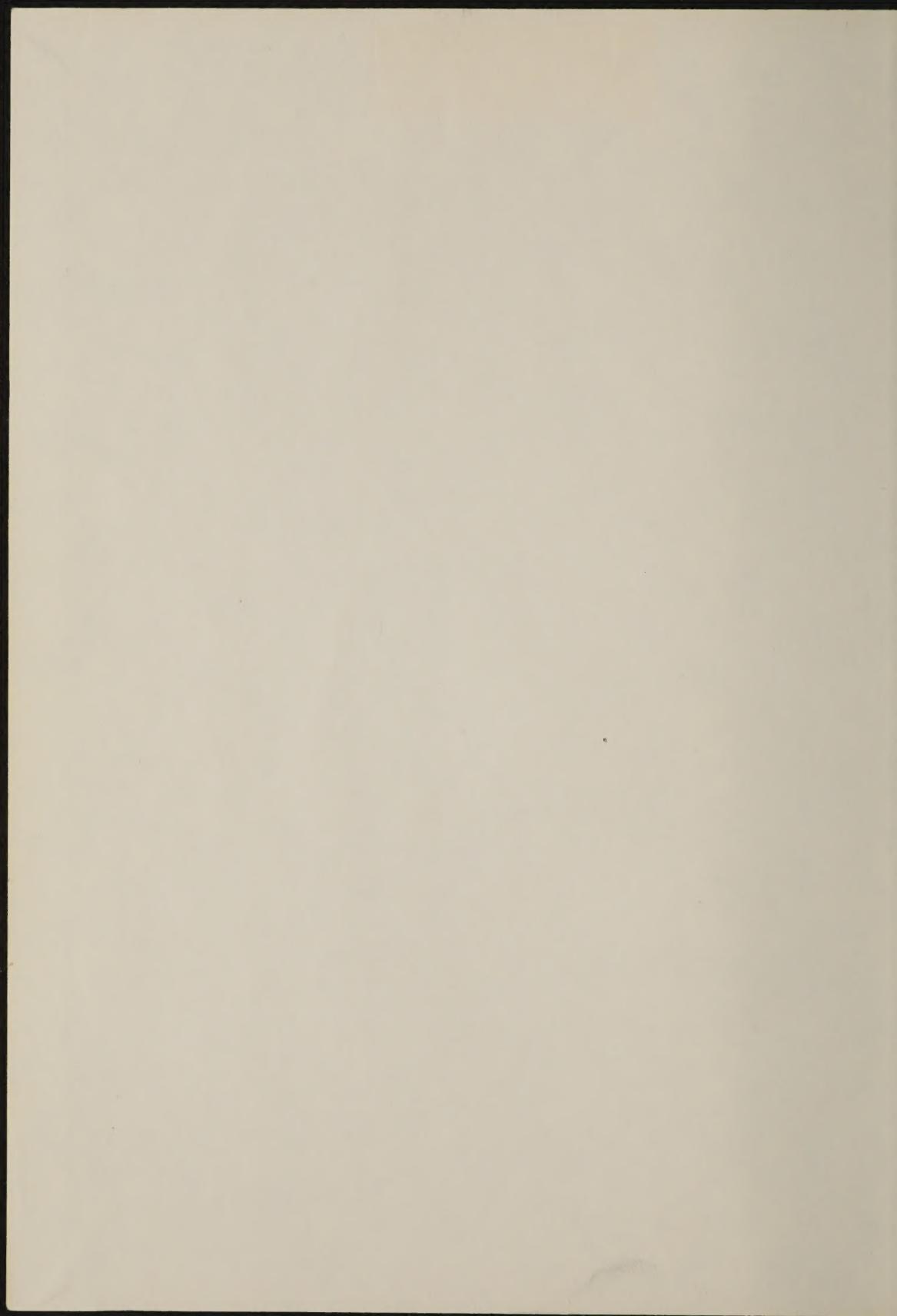
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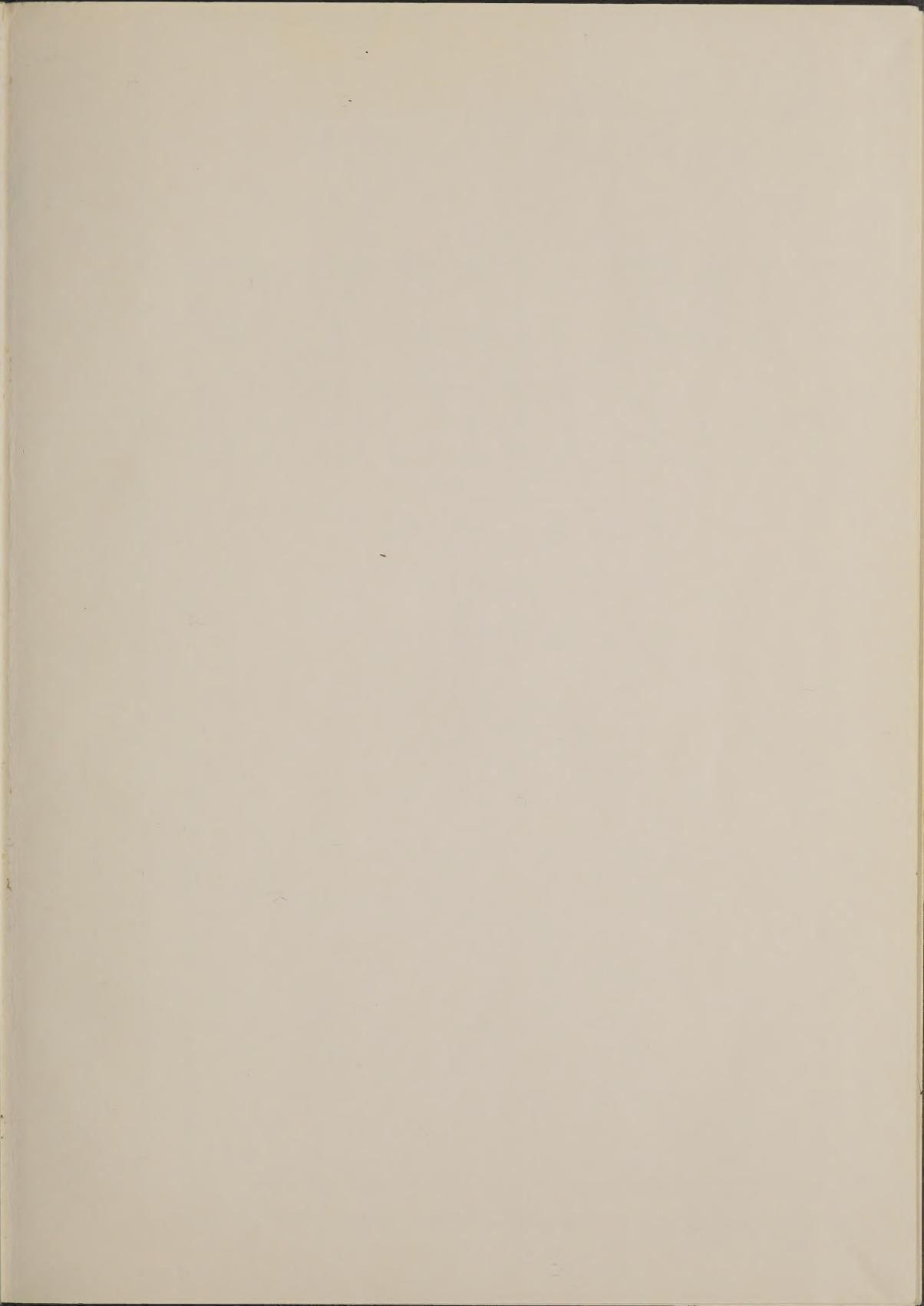
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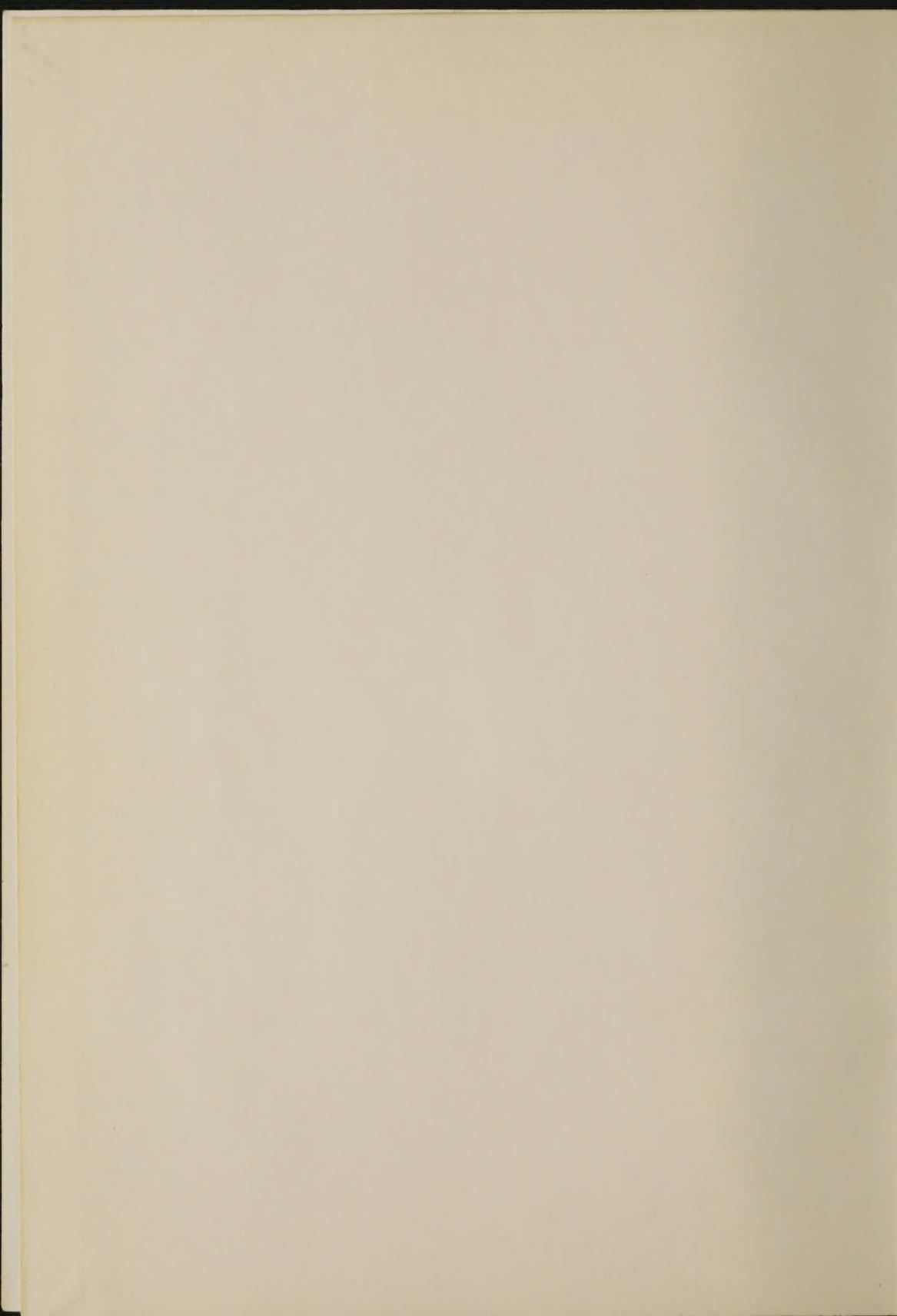
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# OVER THE MOUNTAINS

*by*

EVELYN ABRAHAM

1936

THE STORY  
OF A TIGER

BY MARIA WILHE

# OVER THE MOUNTAINS

BY

Evelyn Abraham

To My Father  
James William Abraham



The Life of a First Settler in Fayette County . How he  
Came Here and What he Did While Turning  
The Wilderness Into Peaceful Farmlands

# OVER THE MOUNTAINS

BY

*Everett Adornsey*



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To My Father  
James William Abraham

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## PREFACE

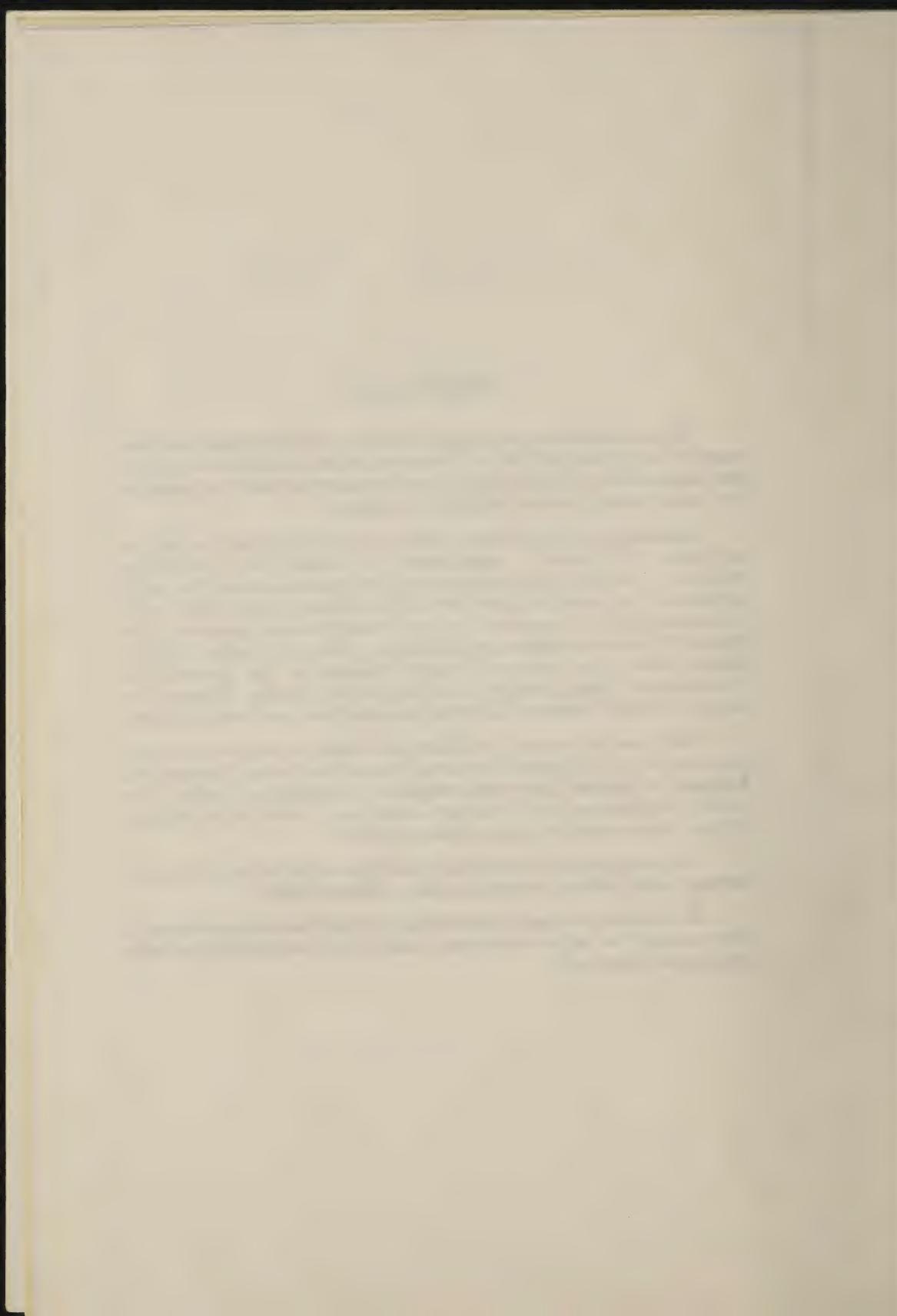
My aim has been to make a picture of the life and environment of a typical settler in Western Pennsylvania who was at the same time an actual person, and to show as much as possible the motivating powers behind his actions.

Although it reads like a story, every fact, even to the description of Enoch's appearance, is taken from historical records. This accurate account of the experiences of the early settlers of our county is written after tracing the pioneers' activities as they are recorded in the Pennsylvania Archives, the Military Correspondence of Col. Henry Bouquet, letters of Col. James Burd, the notes of Joseph Doddrige, the journals of Christopher Gist, George Washington and James Kenny, the Mount Moriah Monthly Meeting Minute Book and early letters.

Part one tells about building the Road to the West, an occurrence of that Second Hundred Years War when France and England struggled for world empire in America and India. The settler worked on this Western Road as a provincial soldier. When peace came he made a home near it.

The remainder of the book tells the settler's daily life as a farmer, and political events as they affected him.

My excuse for many quotations is that the atmosphere of a time cannot be better conveyed than by the words of men who lived what they tell.



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## INTRODUCTION

Enoch first looked into the Western Valley on a day in early September 1759. Colonel Burd's wagon train and pack-horses laboriously topped the last mountain ridge. They had been ten days on the road from Fort Cumberland, hauling themselves up steep, slippery inclines and sliding down the other side, chopping a passage through thickets and woods where underbrush had grown over the path since the last Indian trader passed that way. On the hills it took six men and two horses sweating to hoist each wagon. With luck they made ten miles a day.

Enoch had not been entirely dried out since the company left Fort Cumberland. Rain almost every day the last two weeks and shallow rivers to wade in the wake of floundering pack-horses and heavy clumsy carts, each cart with twelve hundredweight

of supplies: beef and flour to feed the men, oats for the horses, axes for cutting a road on the other side of the mountain, and tools to build a fort in the Redstone country.

Enoch's wagon came to rest. He stood on the last ridge of the Alleghenies. Before him and below, north, south and west the wooded wilderness rolled into far hazy distances.

Colonel Burd's men were at last on the edge of the Redstone Country. Tomorrow Enoch and a hundred other Pennsylvania Provincial soldiers will begin chopping and clearing a road toward the river, a road to bring Pittsburgh into more secure communication with the East.

In the North Niagara has just surrendered to Amherst; at Quebec Montcalm and Wolf have one more week of life.



## Part I.—The Road to Redstone—1759

### I. ENOCH JOINS THE ARMY

Enoch was a Welshman three times removed. He had been born on a neat and thriving farm of the Welsh Tract, Radnor Township, Chester County, Province of Pennsylvania, in the year 1733, twenty-five years and three generations after his great-grandmother Sarah had bought the land from James Pugh.

Eventually Enoch's father had the farm, the brass kettles, feather beds, beehives, cows, calves, sheep, wool, wheel and bags of linen yarn, two hundred and sixty acres being no large amount to divide among a family. This Enoch knew, and he grew up knowing 'oo, that there is always cheap land to the westward once the Indians and French are routed completely. He meant to have a share of it.

He was too young to go out in 1755 when General Braddock went toward the headwaters of the Ohio to take over Fort Duquesne and met instead defeat and death. He did not go even in 1758 when General Forbes crossed the mountain on the same mission with better luck and complete success.

With the capture of Fort Duquesne, though the French still held their posts northward, in Pennsylvania, at least, the objective had been won; the headwaters of the Ohio, key to the Western Waters, lay in British hands. It now remained, as Colonel Bouquet pointed out, to hold what they had gained, to hold it by making a clear road between the eastern supplies of victuals and the western posts.

So in April, 1759, as part of the plan, Captain Samuel Grubb, in Chester County, Province of Pennsylvania, enlisted recruits to serve in the Pennsylvania Regiment.

Captain Grubb's thirty-four men were the sort Colonel Bouquet had in mind when he said 'Some artificers are also greatly wanted, such as carpenters, smiths, masons, etc.' There were eight men from Ireland --from Formanagh, Antrim, Derry, Dublin and Cork, there were Polston Fiston, mason, and Christopher Sleijman, farmer, men of Germany, but most of the company were Chester folk, Mirick Davis, William Cornack,

Nathanial Buffington, James Jones, grandsons of the Welsh and English who had settled there sixty and seventy years before.

And among these men of Chester County is Enoch, then twenty-one years old, unless he lied, five feet ten inches tall, with keen blue eyes, black hair and ruddy complexion, an honest face and independent mind. In May of 1759, as Captain Grubb took the role of his recruits, Enoch stood, with uniform and gun, a Provincial Soldier in the Second Battalion, Pennsylvania Regiment of Foot. A queue of his own black hair hung over the collar of his blue coat, capacious and full-skirted; he wore buck-skin knee-breaches, grey wove stockings, large square-toed shoes with big buckles. In his pocket, 6 pounds and, standing butt end on the ground before him was a great gun about two yards long, tucked under his left elbow a cow's horn filled with powder and balls. Enoch was ready to fight the French—at forty-five shillings per month.

He was acquainted with the French. Two years before some miserable families from Acadia had been scattered among the people of Pennsylvania. They seemed a spiritless crowd and spoke an outlandish jargon. It was generally felt that the government had been thoughtless in dragging these harmless people from their home farms and dispersing them as public charges among the thrifty farmers of Chester.

Yet some of their countrymen are not so harmless. The danger is no myth. Enoch has just read in the Pennsylvania Gazette:

Extract of a letter from Fort Ligonier, April 17, 1759. It is a thousand to one but this letter is intercepted by the Enemy, as the Road is Way-laid from Pittsburgh to Bedford. Lieutenant Campbell, with 25 men and 20 Bullocks was attacked about 15 miles from Pittsburgh when he lost 10 of his Men.

(Pa. Gazette, May 3, 1759). Captain Grubb completed his company May 16th. June 2nd came the order:

the same time, the power of the central bank  
is increased.

The new levies must go to Carlisle as soon as possible.

June 15th they were at Barney Hughes' Tavern, Lancaster Township, where an Irishman changed his mind and deserted the company.

By June 19th they had crossed the Susquehanna and traveled sixty miles to Carlisle, the center of operations for forage, oats, spelt and rye, tents, guns, and horses for the next long leg of the journey—to Fort Bedford in the mountains. Some of the provincial troops camped near town in tents, but numbers billeted with the townspeople, in inns, in the homes of storekeepers, in livery stables, ale-houses and in all houses of persons selling brandy, strong waters or cider. The people moaned when soldiers came, for by law an innkeeper had to furnish them with diet and small beer. Many a tavernkeeper went out of business, even though paid two shillings per day for an officer, four pence for a foot soldier.

At Carlisle Captain Grubb's company joined the regiment of Colonel James Burd, the Scotch road builder. Colonel Burd had been building roads for years wilderness roads straight through untouched forests, until the news of Braddock's defeat sent everyone scurrying eastward. Roads were his job now, to work on a portion of the road over the mountains and build a small fort at the Redstone where boats with provisions could float down the river to Pittsburgh.

At first hitches all along the line held him up. Colonel Bouquet wrote to Colonel Burd from Lancaster (June 2, 1759):

We are disappointed in our Expectations from all sides which gives me the Spleen.

The Virginians have not raised yet 300 of their new levies.

Yours go on very slowly.

The Assembly has refused to lend us the money upon security for the payment of the Waggons for last years services and to renew the Law they passed for obliging the People to carry to Reastown (Bedford).

Therefore we are reduced to shift for ourselves. I fear the consequences for our conquests.

I shall order the 200 sets of Horse shoes and nails. Please to forward the Waggon Horses as soon as it will be possible. The

want of forage will again ruin us if we cannot raise sufficient quantity to replace what will be consumed from Carlisle to Bedford.

It seemed tame on the surface, this loading of wagons, repairing of roads, moving at last forty miles down the long Cumberland Valley where Wills Mountain and Evitts Mountain stretch on each side like the vertebrae of lazy antediluvian reptiles. Yet there was a tension in the air.

All summer wild rumors flew about: rumors of attacks, of large forces of French and Indians concentrating for big battles, here, there, everywhere. Frontier garrisons and pack trains kept alert and on edge. A gunshot, a war whoop, might come any moment.

Pittsburgh, June 29th. This day there was a Dutchman killed & scalped by going without ye Sentry to a spring for water, & a soldier that was in his company very narrowly escaped, being shot thro ye shirt. I seen them shoot three times at him. It is told by ye Indians that there is about 100 of ye enemy & that we are to be attacked soon. (Journal of James Kenny).

And not far to the north on the fifth of this month a large Convoy going to Ligonier was attacked at the foot of the Laurel Hill four miles from the Fort. Captain Joseyline of the Royal Americans, who had been sent that morning from Ligonier to meet the Convoy came just in time to support the Escort upon their being attacked by the Enemy. This brave Unfortunate young Gentleman, with an Intrepidity becoming the best Officer, advanced upon the Enemy with his whole party and repulsed them. They left two of their Indians dead on the Field and retired with the utmost Precipitation, but it was hard fate of poor Captain Joseyline to receive a Shot from the Enemy which went thru his body and he expired very soon after.

These petty attacks made serious breaks in the provision line to Pittsburgh. By the middle of July Fort Pitt was on starvation rations and a French force within fifteen miles, coming on in dead earnest. Only a



miracle could save Pittsburgh—and the miracle happened: News came to the French that the British were attacking Niagara. They turned about face and rushed to help that expiring stronghold.

Fort Pitt, Aug. 13—This day ye Indians bring intelligence that ye French have lost Niagara and that they have buint Venango & Presque Isle & gone off . . . So there has been many rounds fired & shouting for joy.

By the time Colonel Burd's men came to Redstone Benjamin Frank-

lin's newspaper printed a gratifying dispatch from Pittsburgh saying that the "Enemy, attentive to their own Security, give us no Disturbance; they are employed in forming a large Post at Detroit. The Indians sit quiet smoking their Pipes—with an ear turned this way. Our communication is entirely free and our convoys come to us with the greatest Safety." And James Kenny saw on "Ye South Branch of Pottomack people in droves along ye road going to Pittsburgh, some with flour & some with corn, oats, butter, cheese, &c."



## II. FORT BURD

At dawn of September 11, 1759 while damp mists still hugged the hollows and spread a thin veil over the Great Meadows, Colonel Burd's men rolled out of their blankets and stirred the ashes of last night's camp fire.

Enoch caught his team of horses and brought them down to drink from a little run of water close by the stockade of Washington's abandoned Fort Necessity where five years ago Washington and his hungry provincials had surrendered in a pouring rain to M. De Villiers.

Wisps of vapor still showed white against the blue ridges when Colonel Burd's men broke camp for their last day's journey toward the Redstone. Two miles along the route they passed by General Braddock's grave which Colonel Burd described as 'about twenty yards from a little hollow in which there was a small stream of water and over it a bridge.' From the top of the next ridge the Western Country spread out before them in its limitless extent, like the sea on a day when waves run low and the horizon melts into mist.

A fine place for a lookout. Here, four years ago, Col. Thomas Dunbar had stayed with reserves and ammunition while Braddock went on to defeat. From the top of the knob he could look through the pass across country almost to Fort Duquesne over the dip of the horizon.

While the horses rested Col. Burd reconnoitered Dunbar's old camp. He found it 'situated in a very stony hollow surrounded by hills and commanded on all sides; the worst chosen

Note: Colonel Burd built the first road in Fayette county west of the mountains when he cut the road from Mount Braddock (Gist's place) to Brownsburg (Redstone) in 1759. Indian paths had followed the same general course before; Washington had blazed a trail that way, and after him the men with Braddock's army had cut the path wider over the mountains from Cumberland.

In 1759 it was especially im-

portant to have a good road connecting Pittsburgh with sources of provisions in Maryland, Virginia and Eastern Pennsylvania because the French still held forts to the North. Only by maintaining a steady communication between Fort Pitt and the East could the British keep a grip on that key to the Ohio Country, a vast, rich land, unoccupied, which they knew would develop into the important country it is today.

A fine country and a curious sight: In a meadow James Kenny, the Quaker trader, his horses cropping the clover, his wagons motionless, he and his men carefully spreading furbieces all over the grass. That evening, by the light from his camp-fire, James Kenny opened his journal and wrote:

Sept. 11 . . . About three miles below Gist's place came up with ye wagons, betwixt Dunbars encampment and ye Meadows . . . Some of ye bundles were wet in ye river; I made them stop by ye Meadows & spread ye skins to dry that were wet, one bundle of Bear skins being almost rotten 10 of which was so rotten I cast away . . . met Col. Burd of Penna & a party with wagons & packhorses going to ye mouth of Redstone Creek to build some storehouses in order to have ye carriage on this road to go from thence down ye Monongahela to Pittsburgh, old Cressap being their pilot.

James Kenny, his creaking wagons and packhorses laden with furs, kept on toward Philadelphia, but



Enoch and the other men with Colonel Burd had reached their destination.

Each evening Colonel Burd made a note in his journal or wrote a dispatch to be sent East:

Sept. 13.—Determined if the hunters should not return before noon to begin to open the road along some old blazes which we took to be Colonel Washingtons.

At noon began to cut the road to Redstone; began a quarter of a mile from camp, the course N. N. W. The course of General Braddock's road N. N. E. and turns much to ye eastward. Opened this after noon about half a mile. Marked two trees at the place of beginning thus:

The road to Redstone, Col.  
J. Burd, 1759.  
The road to Pittsburg.

J. Burd to Capt. Harry Gordon. Camp at the mouth of Nemocallings Creek on the Monongahela one mile above the Mouth of Redstone Creek Sept. 30, 1759.

I arrived here the 23rd current with a Detachment of 200 men of my Battalion to erect the post Col. Bouquet advised you of from Bedford. I have a very good road from Gist's (Mount Braddock) and think the distance about 17 miles. I shall measure it in a day or two and in the next will acquaint you of the course and distance. I have sent the General a draught of the intended work here which you'll have an opportunity to see. You may remember last winter you blazed the trees on the point of a hill and then you went up another which Col. Shippen informs me you called the Rich Hill and on which you saw an old Indian Fort. At the point of this Hill I am building next the river. I determined upon this last place for two reasons, one was that just by the other place you blazed there was a very deep gully which I could not command by so small works, another was that Col. Shippen told me the place where we now are you preferred, and indeed is a very fine place being in the fork of the river & creek,

commands both and is commanded by nothing.

Colonel Shippen made a draught of the fort, a small log building about a hundred feet square with an outer defense of logs stuck upright in the ground, a ditch around this wall, a drawbridge over the ditch and within the stockade a log house thirty-nine feet square for a magazine and to contain the women and children—when such should come. Enoch had signed up as a carpenter at 15 pence per day additional pay and he had plenty of use for his trade in this kind of soldiering.

The work they expected, but when provisions ran out the men came near mutiny:

J. Burd to Col. Bouquet  
Camp at Monongahela, Sept. 30,  
1759—

... I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing you of my wanting provisions. The troops have been for eight days past upon the allowance of one pound beef and half pound Flour, and this day we begin the allowance of one pound of beef only, not having one ounce of flour left & but three bullocks; I know nothing of any supplies being on the road, not having heard from Cumberland since the 4th current . . . I have kept the people constantly upon the works since my arrival, but am soon obliged to give over working, very contrary to my inclination, you will believe.

Colonel Bouquet read this letter with chagrin and immediately replied:

Dear Sir:

Your letter received last night surprised & vexed me beyond expression; after giving such strict charge to Lt Col Mercer to subist you & repeated orders to the Commanding officer at Cumberland to forward Provisions with the utmoust diligence. Could I imagine that they would let you starve? It is hard to have nobody to depend upon . . .

I hope your Beeves have saved your Lives, with what Deers



you could kill, till the convoy gone from Cumberland reaches you; there is 41 Wagons from Winchester loaded with flour, and the pack horses going to your Post. I wish you had sent to Pittsburgh for Supplies, it would have been easier . . . I am sorry to my soul of your cruel situation.

Henry Bouquet  
On His Majesty's Service  
To Colonel Burd  
upon the Monongahela  
To be forwarded from Fort  
Cumberland by another man &  
Horse to Colonel Burd.

So they starved in a fertile valley. The men stopped work for lack of bread and took to hunting in the laurel thickets, catching trout in mountain streams, shooting a bear, turkeys, and sometimes a deer for venison roast. But not long this idleness. Before the last beef vanished a convoy with food and supplies came over the mountain. By October eighth Colonel Burd had received everything for his fort except the gate hinges. In a short time Colonel Bouquet sent final orders:

As there is neither men nor tools at Fort Cumberland or Bedford you must be so good to take

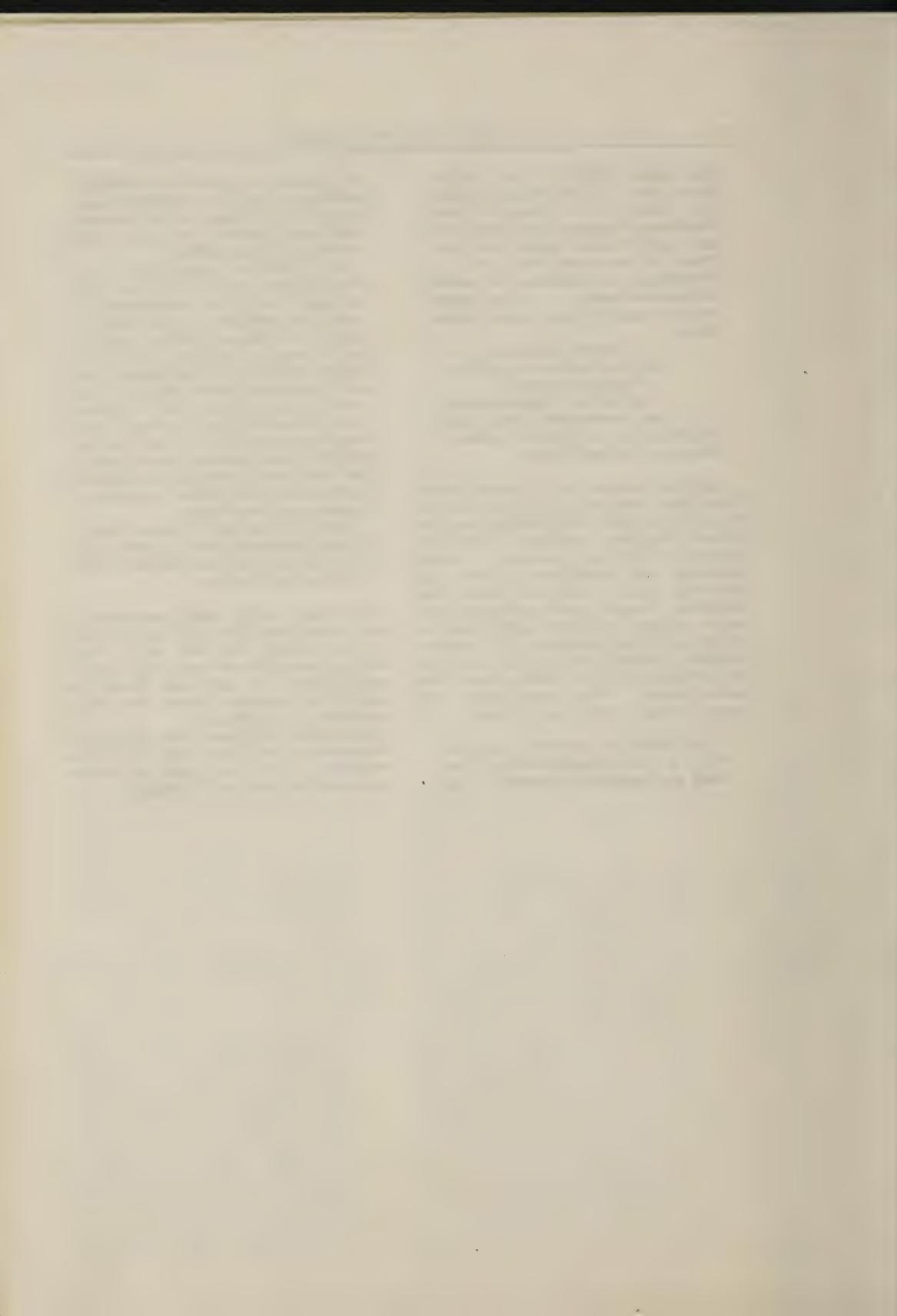
the charge of getting the Bridge built upon the little crossing and to order the Loggs to be covered with good fascines and Earth and secured by strong Pins.

As soon as your post is finished the general desires you to march with the remainder of your detachment to Pittsburgh leaving a diligent officer and 20 or 25 men at Burd's Fort. The officer must give Certificates for all Provisions, Forrages Etc. that will be sent there from Virginia and Maryland and inform the General or me thereof that Battos may be sent to bring them down. He will give a regular invoice of Each article sent there to prevent neglect and confusion . . .

They say Quebec is fallen, Wolff Killed, Montcalm and 2 more generals killed. 500 lost on our side 1600 on the French.

Not long after this, someone, it may have been Enoch, drove the last nail in Burd's fort and on a crisp day of late November, 1759, Burd's men floated in Batteaux from the mouth of Redstone down the Monongahela to Pittsburgh.

One more link has been forged in the Road to the West. The American wilderness now lay open to settlement as far west as Pittsburgh.



## Part II.—Cabins in the Clearing

### I. TURKEY FOOT

Among the hills where the waters part, where the cold mountain springs feed the first silver threads of the eastern and the western waters, Enoch came to make his home. East and south the headstreams of the Potomac slip along toward Maryland, Virginia, Chesapeake Bay, eventually merge with the Atlantic and reaching European shores touch the ports of the past. The spring by Enoch's cabin trickled into the Casselman River, down the Youghiogheny and Monongahela to the Ohio, out and away from the hills, through backwoods and unpeopled places it found the Mississippi, and with its brothers from a thousand western waters flowed through a land of promise to the Gulf.

Ten years and more had gone by since Enoch's company of Provincial soldiers had tramped back over the mountains with Col. Burd. In that time Enoch had married Jean Hamilton. They lived with his father in Chester County, there four children were born and grew awhile in peace and security, though Enoch always kept in mind the rich land over the mountain.

All this time the Delaware and Shawnees continued restless in the West, objecting to the forts and farms which crept over their hunting ground, particularly resentful when settlers went beyond the mountain divide into the land of the Western Waters. For the British had broken faith. They had promised to leave when the French were driven out. Why, then, did soldiers strengthen weak forts and settlers lay out farms in the forest? No one can deny that Pontiac fought in a just cause when he united the tribes in desperate war to save the West from insatiable, land-hungry settlers, to push the white man back into the ocean whence he had come. Came a time of massacres, scalpings, burnings, on every lonely farm and outpost terrified families scuttling eastward at the sound of Indian war whoops till Carlisle is again a frontier post. For a short time the Indians triumph, but eventually, as

futile as King Canute before the ocean waves, the Indian Chiefs made what terms the white man asked.

Enoch had waited. When the troublesome times were passed and when danger had gone from the path he and Jean set out with many others along the well traveled Bedford road, over the great mountain, to the free lands of the West. Jean rode horseback, the baby in her lap; Mary, Isaac and John trotted along with their father or kept the two cattle from straying, and Enoch led the pack horse that carried what small goods they were bringing to the new country.

Doddridge, who made such a trip with his pioneer father says: "Let the imagination of the reader pursue the track of the adventurer into this wilderness, bending his course towards the setting sun, over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees, and wading through the rank weeds and grass which then covered the earth, now viewing from the top of a hill the winding course of the creek whose stream he wishes to explore, now descending into a valley and presaging his approach to a river by seeing large ash, bass-wood and sugar trees beautifully festooned with wild grape vines. The toilsome march of the day being ended, at the fall of night he seeks for safety some narrow, sequestered hollow, and by the side of a large log builds a fire, and, after eating his coarse and scanty meal wraps himself up in his blanket and lays him down on his bed of leaves, with his feet to the little fire, and his family around him, his faithful dog and gun by his side."

Enoch had in mind the land at the Turkey Foot, a small and quiet valley among blue hills, where three clear rivers come together and flow on as the Youghiogheny. Some of his relatives and friends from Burd's regiment had already settled there in log cabins with apple trees on the hillside and Indian corn flourishing among the stumps in the truck patch.

When they came to the Turkey Foot Enoch blazed trees around a one



hundred and fifty-acre tract mostly timber. He could have had four hundred acres by as simple means, but what with heavy timber to be cleared away and growing things to be cared for he considered one hundred fifty as much as one man could manage with only small children for help.

Perhaps Enoch and his family came over the mountains in the spring, camping out while their cabin took shape among the stumps. This cabin they built from trees on their own tract—puncheons for the floor, walls of round logs, and a clapboard roof. The puncheons Enoch made by splitting eighteen inch trees and hewing the face of them with a broad ax. For the roof clapboards he chose a straight grained tree from three to four feet through and split it into boards about four feet long and as wide as the timber would allow.

The neighbors round about helped him with the hardest part, hauling the logs and raising the walls. A man stood at each of the four corners notching and placing logs as the others passed the timber. They sawed an opening for the clapboard door another opening for a chimney. Enoch made the chimney of logs, wide and deep so it could be lined with stone on the inside. Between the logs he put billets of wood and plastered the niches with mortar of mud and stones.

For furniture inside the cabin he made some three-legged stools, a rough table, pegs in the wall for the family clothes, shelves for dishes, and a built-in bed—all these of crude wood he split and sawed himself.

And this wilderness cabin is home to Jean and her family.

The first year was likely a hard one, especially for the children. Here are the words of one who was a child and lived through such a year:

Some of the early settlers took the precaution to come over the mountains in the spring, leaving their families behind to raise a crop of corn, and then return and bring them out in the fall. Others, especially those whose families were small, brought them in the spring. My father took the latter course. The Indian meal which he brought over the mountain was expended six weeks too

soon, so for that length of time we had to live without bread. The lean venison and the breast of the wild turkey we were taught to call bread. The flesh of the bear was denominated meat. This artifice did not succeed very well; after living in this way for sometime we became sickly, the stomach seemed to be always empty, and tormented with a sense of hunger. I remember how narrowly the children watched the growth of the potato tops, pumpkin and squash vines, hoping from day to day to get something to answer in the place of bread. How delicious was the taste of the young potatoes when we got them. What a jubilee when we were permitted to pull the young corn for roasting ears. Still more so when it had acquired sufficient hardness to be made into jony cakes by the aid of a tin grater. We then became healthy, vigorous and contented with our situation, poor as it was.

While the squash was a bloom and the corn stood a foot high the children found wild strawberries on the bald knobs; among the woods in June they picked sweet acid 'service' berries like small purple cherries on delicate trees. In harvst time they went among the fallen timbers to gather shiny sweet blackberries for tarts and pies.

All through the woods grow other fruits and nuts; raspberries, gooseberries, wild plum and wild grapes, haws that grow along small water courses and ripen with the first frost, wild cherries, crab apples for pink beauty in spring and added flavor to any woman's jelly. And the nuts—chestnuts, walnuts, hickory and hazel, were plenty in many places.

Besides these fruits native to the backwoods, Enoch soon planted peach, apple, pear and cherry trees from Chester county, and made a little vegetable garden behind the cabin. Next the little vegetable garden he made another small enclosure of about an acre. In this truck patch he raised pumpkins, squashes, beans, potatoes and corn for roasting ears. Little Isaac and Mary had many a good meal of corn pone with bear gravy or molasses, and they were particu-



larly fond of yellow mush with the white milk on it.

Often they had hog and hominy for supper, especially in the winter, but whatever the time of year, they ate their meal on a rough board table from wooden bowls, truncheons and noggins. When the wooden dishes wouldn't go round they used hard shell squashes and gourds. Jean cherished with care her few pewter

dishes, plates and spoons, and only brought them out on great occasions.

She used salt sparingly too, because it could only be had when someone made the hard trip east over the mountain. An iron cooking pot was as hard to come by as salt and just about as important, but once had it lasted longer and boiled up the family meals year in year out.



## II. BACKWOODSMEN AND THE REVOLUTION

Enoch and his family had come over the mountain to southwestern Pennsylvania in 1775—a year one wrote from Pittsburg that 'the Indians were never more Peaceable than at present,' yet the savages never rested completely pacified and an uneasy feeling of hidden danger kept every one alert even in that peaceable year.

Besides the immediate Indian problem, in the year 1775 came news of exciting events east of the mountain. That was the year of Bunker Hill and the time when Washington took command of Colonial troops under an oak in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

When word of these things came west it roused enthusiasm amongst some of the younger backwoodsmen. They chose Michael Cresap leader and started east to help the cause. In the last days of July, 1775, when they made a stop at Fredericktown, Maryland, a gentleman who saw them wrote home:

I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins, and though some of them had traveled near eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio they seemed to walk light and easy and not with less spirit than at the first hour of their march. Health and vigor after what they had undergone declared them to be intimate with hardship and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present and been assured that the brave leader could raise thousands of such like to defend his country what think you? would not the hatchet and the block have intruded upon his mind? . . .

In the evening they were drawn out to show gentlemen of the town their dexterity at shooting. A clapboard, with

a mark the size of a dollar, was put up; they began to fire off-hand and the bystanders were surprised, few shots being made that were not close to or in the paper. Then some lay on their backs, some on their breasts or side, others ran twenty or thirty steps, and firing, appeared to be equally certain of the mark. Will you believe me when I tell you that one of the men took the board and placing it between his legs stood with his back to the tree while another drove the center!

What would a regular army of considerable strength in the forests of America do with one thousand of these men who want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from the spring, and a little parched corn with what they can easily provide in hunting, and who, wrapped in their blankets, in the damp of night would choose the shade of a tree for their covering and the earth for their bed!

Enoch and his neighbors were not always pleased when the boys went off to war in this way. These men of the Western Waters didn't give a hoot for the king and his remote administration; they cared even less for the eastern business men who had started the war against taxes. They wanted two things: security for land and life, a good market for their farm products. When the British allied with the Indians, threatening land and life, the backwoodsman had a definite cause for fighting; he was just as annoyed later when the United States government cut off his market profit by a whiskey tax. The revolution, then, to the West, meant more Indian war and massacre for lonely frontier cabins. It alarmed Enoch and his neighbors to see their good warriors drained off to fight in the East.

A time came when every man on the frontier trained in militia companies for his own protection, and from fear of raids each community of settlers built a small log blockhouse with a cabin or two where



everyone could go in case of danger. The blockhouse had a projecting upper story, portholes to fire through, was completely bullet proof and built without a single nail or spike of iron. Small and trifling as a blockhouse may seem, it answered the purpose, for the Indians had no artillery, they seldom attacked and scarcely ever took one.

The families belonging to a fort stayed in their own cabins on their own farms. They moved into their fort in the spring only after some murder announced Indians in the settlement. Once the Six Nation war message came through the missionary, John Hackenwalder by way of a friendly Indian:

We have found out a piece of ground where no disturbance has been made, where there is Provision and everything plenty; the farmers there are busy at their farms and suspect nothing; we will now, as soon as the strawberries are ripe, fall in that Country all at once; then let the Virginians try to Carry on a Campaigne against us. This is Guyasnuta his private speech to the Mingoes.

We may imagine it is little Isaac himself telling about an evening of fear and Indian alarm:

The fort to which my father belonged was three-quarters of a mile from his farm; I well remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometimes waked up in the dead of night by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door, or back window, and by a gentle tapping waked the family. This was easily done as an habitual fear made us ever watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm. The whole family were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war. My mother waked up and dressed the children as well as she could, and being myself the oldest of the children I had to take my share of the burdens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to help us in removing to the fort. Besides the little children we caught up what articles of clothing and provisions we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir the fire. All this we did with the ut-

most dispatch and the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to waken the youngest child. To the rest it was enough to say Indian and not a whimper was heard afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort might be at their homes in the evening and all in their fortress before the dawn of the next morning.

Once we felt sure an attack would come with the morning. A blockhouse not far away had been besieged and news of a hot battle reached us. Then our men saw a large fire where a neighbor's house had stood so we made intensive preparations for a fight with the Indians.

In the first place the captain collected all our men together and related the battles and skirmishes he had been in. He reminded us 'That in case the Indians should succeed we need expect no mercy, that every man, woman and child would be killed on the spot. They have been defeated at one fort and now they are mad enough. If they should succeed in taking ours all their vengeance will fall on our heads. We must fight for our wives and children, brothers and sisters. We must make the best preparation we can. A little after daybreak we shall hear the crack of the guns.'

He then requisitioned all the powder and lead in the fort. The ammunition he accurately divided amongst all the men. When this was done, 'Now,' says the captain, 'when you run your bullets cut off the neck very close, and scrape them so as to make them a little less, and get patches one hundred finer than those you commonly use, and have them well oiled, for if a rifle happens to be choked in the time of battle there is one gun and one man lost for the rest of the battle. You will have no time to unbreach a gun and get a plug to drive out a bullet. Have the locks well oiled and your flints sharp so as not to miss fire.'

Such were his orders to the men. He then said to the women:

'These yellow fellows are very handy at setting fire to houses, and water is a very good thing to put out fire. You must fill every vessel with water. Our fort is not well stockaded, and those ugly fellows may rush into the middle of it and attempt to set



fire to our cabins in twenty places at once.'

They fell to work and did as he had ordered.

The men having put their rifles in order, 'Now,' says he, 'let every man gather in his axes, mattocks and hoes, and place them inside of his door, for the Indians may make a dash at them with tomahawks to cut them down, and an axe in that case might hit when a gun would miss fire.'

Like a good commander our captain not content with giving orders, went from house to house to see that everything was right.

The ladies of the present will suppose that our women were frightened half to death with the near prospect of such an attack by the Indians; on the contrary, I do not know that I ever saw a merrier set of women in my life. They went on with their work of carrying water and cutting bullet patches for the men apparently without the least emotion of fear

and I have every reason to believe that they would have been pleased with the crack of guns in the morning.

During all this time we had no sentinels placed around the fort, so confident was our captain that the attack would not be made before daybreak.

I was at that time thirteen or fourteen years of age, but ranked as a fort soldier. After getting my gun and all things else in order I went up into the garret loft and laid down about the middle of the floor, with my shot pouch on and my gun by my side, expecting to be waked up by the report of guns at daybreak to take my station at the port hole assigned me, which was in the second story of the house. I did not awake till about sunrise when the alarm was all over. The family which we supposed had been killed had come into the fort about daybreak. Instead of the house being burnt it was only a large log fire near the house which had been seen by our expresses.



## III. DAILY LIFE

Altho Bedford county did not suffer as much from Indian raids as Westmoreland, when there were Indian scares William Parker and his men went out on tours of duty up and down the frontier, dressed in loose linsey hunting shirts, each man with a scalping knife and tomahawk at his belt. They took long muskets with them and fed well on beef, pork, corn, bacon and whiskey, as Captain Parker's expense accounts testify. There were some who had reasonable excuses to prevent them coming out for militia duty, people who let large fines accumulate against them or hired substitutes to take their share of service.

Enoch made a steady, dependable militia man—he went regularly to the drills and was elected to serve on a court martial board which likely convened very little, besides voluntarily taking an oath of Allegiance and Fidelity to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a free and independent state.

However, king or no king, a body must live. Food, clothes, shelter—on these absorbing demands of life Enoch, Jean and the children spent every daylight hour. Ploughing, planting, growing, harvesting, came each in turn. In late February the open weather, powowing days, gave a first hint of spring, then March came with storms and late frosts lingering in the evening air. The first week of April sap began to run, Enoch tapped the sugar trees, and green blades pushed through the earth, a feast for famished cattle.

In March and April while the run was high enough to turn his water mill Enoch ground a supply of flour because the summer was likely to be dry and the creek run low, showing all its rocks, except for short turbulent moments after a thunder gust.

And there were troubles—ones sheep or hogs might be devoured by wolves or bears, squirrels and coons ate up the corn, the cattle were tortured by flies—and every dawn another day's work began—getting wood, making fires, feeding stock, going to mill, until the harvest was got in and hunting snows commenced.

Racing about on a crust of snow is fun for the boys, but not so much fun a stormy day in the cabin, your face and legs scorched by a blazing fire, icicles chasing themselves round your spine.

All year Jean cooked, spun, wove, washed and besides had babies one after the other. In 1776 she had six children—two boys, four girls, Isaac, the oldest twelve years old, baby Florence a very young infant.

Isaac and John are already some help to their father. They follow the crude plough and pick up Indian arrow heads for him to use as gun flints, they pull weeds in the truck patch and take their turn hoeing the corn, chopping wood, carrying water. Isaac can shoot a squirrel or wild turkey for dinner, John can find honey in a hollow bee tree.

In the evenings around the fire they mend their own moccasins with buckskin and moccasin awl, sewing and patching with deerskin whangs. When the weather turns cold they stuff deer's hair or dry leaves inside the moccasins and so keep their feet comfortably warm, but in wet weather nothing can be done—water oozes thru the deer skin and makes it more slimy and uncomfortable than going barefoot.

The boys always help their mother at the hominy block and hand mill. Even when roasting ears are not in season, corn is their main dish. While the corn is still soft they rub the good part off the ears with a sharp tin grater, later the grains harden and the boys shell them off the coo and pound the shelled grain into meal with a pestle fitted into a deep hollowed block of wood, or else use a crushing hand mill of two revolving stones. After the corn is pounded into meal they sift it through a stiff perforated deer skin stretched over a hoop.

The first years at Turkey Foot Enoch did not have time for long autumn hunts, but he killed a bear, a wolf, deer and smaller game when chance brought it near. The meat was a good part of the family diet, and from the skins they made fur robes or tanned good leather with



bark from the newly cleared timber. With wood ashes they took the hair off the skins, then greased them well with bear's oil or hog's lard and tallow. Leather made in this way is coarse but substantial and eventually turned into shoes, leggins and drawers.

Though her flax crop sometimes

failed, or wolves killed her sheep, Jean managed to grow enough flax and wool to spin and weave into linsey for petticoats, bedgowns and coverlets.

So the days slid along like stitches off a knitting needle, each day a new row on the infinite homespun of life.



## IV. VEGETABILITY

Two important events mark the year 1778: the United States made an alliance with France, and Enoch bought a new farm, a farm in the Red-stone country, thirty miles west of Turkey Foot.

Turkey Foot is yet among the mountains, at the very sources of the Ohio stream; cross two more ridges and from the top of Laurel Hill a world, the world of the west, opens with neighborly hills and spreads away into remote plains.

It was in Westmoreland county, (now Fayette) further down these Western Waters and beyond the last mountain range, that Enoch took up his last abode. His Turkey Foot claim had been surveyed, recorded and taxed as uncultivated land in 1776. The Westmoreland county improvements he now bought from Joseph Cox were a step towards affluence! For six hundred pounds Pennsylvania currency Joseph Cox handed over "three Cabins and about thirty acres of clear Lands, together with the improved lands thereunto belonging, the whole computed to be three hundred acres" a tract "situate on the waters of Yorks Run, bounded by the lands of Jonathan Rees, Bazel Bowel and by vacant lands Westerly."

The cabins stood in a low place where good spring water comes clear from the ground. The people who had lived there before Enoch were squatters, men who got their land by taking it up, i. e. chose the site, built cabins and marked boundaries by blazing trees. Although they paid no one for the privilege they looked at the limitless wilderness and felt justified, saying "it was against the law of God and nature that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labour on and raise their bread."

When Enoch bought Vegetability he paid for the improvements and any claim the improver might have, yet legal claim to the land he had none, except the right of location according to custom. In 1781 the state treasury was in a sad fix, what with Revolutionary debts and bills of credit. There was one sure way of raising funds viz. making farmers pay

for the land they occupied. The legislature passed a bill to that effect. Therefore we find that Enoch took out a warrant (1785) and had his tract surveyed for the sum of two pounds five shillings. By 1791 he had paid the last required cent into the Receiver General's office and was handed a sheepskin patent for his two hundred sixty surveyed acres, a patent which cinched his right to have and to hold a certain tract of land called Vegetability, situate on the Waters of Yorks Run, a branch of Georges Creek, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

As for the vacant lands Westerly, now occupied by the coal mines and coke ovens that made the wealth of Frick and Carnegie, these vacant lands Enoch did not bother with. Three hundred acres are plenty for a farmer to tackle single handed, especially a farmer blessed with six daughters and only two sons.

Only two sons, but good boys, Isaac and John, strong and tall for their years. Five of these years they had spent on the edge of civilization—and five years is a good part of your life when you are fifteen. Life to them had meant farm work, Indian scares, hunting. School was no part of the picture during those strenuous times in that remote place. What reading, writing and arithmetic they knew had been come by on winter evenings or stormy days when Enoch could pause from the fields or Jean stop the spinning wheel long enough to help their children form letters with a goose quill pen and find meaning in the print of the great Bible.

These same evenings Jean told stories of Jack and the giant or sang old tunes about Robin Hood. There were other songs they heard from neighbors—tragedy love songs about murder they called them. Enoch sometimes would tell about snakes, wolves, bears, Indians—more exciting because one might meet them any minute. Copperheads and rattlesnakes were ever a deadly fear. The boys heard tell of people being fascinated by the glint of reptilian eyes, a friend or farm beast might be bitten any harvest, besides it was a



snake caused Eve's sin and Adam's fall. Therefore a snake had no quarter and in the fall when they came together in rocky dens for a winter's sleep Doddridge tells how the children fell upon them and burnt them in piles.

Bows and arrows were the boys first toys, soon cast aside for a small rifle and shot pouch. Enoch made the cabin at Vegetableity strong enough to stand against Indians. At twelve years old Isaac was a fort soldier and had his port hole assigned him. He and John tried hard to

beat each other at running, jumping, wrestling and throwing the tomahawk. A tomahawk with its handle of a certain length will make a given number of turns in a given distance. Say in five steps it will strike with the edge, the handle upwards, at the distance of seven and a half it will strike with the edge, the handle downwards, and so on. Walking through the woods a boy measured distance with his eye and could strike his tomahawk into a tree anyway he chose.



## V. THE FALL HUNT

It was a great day when Enoch said the boys were big enough to go on a fall hunt. They had already been a help bringing in meat for the family meals, getting fur and peltries to exchange for rifles, salt and iron on the other side of the mountain. They could gobble like a turkey till one came within rifle shot, or with the bleating of a fawn could bring her dam to death in the same way.

Doddrige says: Late fall is the special season for hunting deer, bear and other fur bearing animals. Then the men go out in hunting parties. As soon as the leaves are pretty well down and the weather become rainy accompanied by light snows these back-woodsmen, after acting the part of husbandmen and Indian fighters, begin to feel that they are hunters. They become uneasy at home. Everything about them is disagreeable. The house is too warm, the feather bed too soft, and even the good wife is not for the time being a proper companion. The mind of the hunter it wholly occupied with the camp and chase. I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods and sniff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which is always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck's horns, or little forks. The hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail and by every blandishment in his power express his readiness to accompany him to the woods.

Enoch, Isaac, John and some near neighbors were to make up a hunting party. They appointed a day for the march of the little cavalcade to camp. Two or three horses furnished with pack saddles they loaded with flour, Indian meal, blankets, and everything else requisite for the use of the hunter. Toward the mountain they went, along a path between two ridges, and chose a camping spot

sheltered by the surrounding hills from every wind, especially from those of the north and west. There they built a half faced cabin—a tent-like affair made of blankets or skins hung on a frame work of poles. One log made the back wall. The roof sloped up to about a five foot height. They left the front entirely open, put dry leaves inside for beds, and built a fire before the opening.

Hunting they did not look upon as a mere ramble in pursuit of game in which there was nothing of skill and calculation; on the contrary the hunter, before he set out in the morning was informed by the state of the weather in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet with his game, whether on the bottoms, sides, or tops of the hills. In stormy weather the deer always seek the most sheltered places and the leeward sides of hills. In rainy weather in which there is not much wind they keep in the open woods on the highest ground.

The whole business of the hunter consists of a succession of intrigues. From morning to night he is on the alert to gain the wind of his game and approach it without being discovered. If he succeeds in killing a deer he skins it and hangs it up out of reach of the wolves and immediately resumes the chase till the close of the evening when he bends his course towards camp. When arrived there he kindles up the fire and together with his fellow hunters cooks supper.

The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished tales for the evening. The spike buck, the two and three pronged buck, the doe and barren doe figure through their anecdotes with great advantage. After hunting awhile on the same ground the hunter becomes acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within his range so as to know each flock of them by sight. Often some old buck, by means of his superior sagacity and



watchfulness, saved his little gang from the hunter's skill by giving timely warning of his approach. The cunning of the hunter and that of the old buck were staked against each other and it frequently happened that at the conclusion of the hunting season the old fellow was left free, uninjured tenant of his forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting on the part of the conqueror.

Sometimes a murdering Indian shot surprised the hunters in the midst of their stories, or, when they came back from hunting, a smouldering cabin and deserted clearing were all that remained of their homes. . . . Enoch's party came back safely, but rumors of new Indian depredations come on every wind. Isaac is almost fifteen, impatient for the day when he may take his place with the young men, hunting out human game on farther ranges.



## Part III.—Border Warfare

### I. RANGERS ON THE FRONTIERS

In winter, while snow and ice locked their savage enemies in the northland, the settlers felt safe and secure, but with the first spring weather, down upon the cabin in the clearing came Iroquois, Shawnee and Wyandot to scalp, to burn, to carry off the border people.

In March the first report went East to President Reed of Pennsylvania:

I am sorry to inform you that the Savages have already begun their hostilities—last Sunday at a Sugar Camp upon Raccoon Creek five men were killed & three girls taken prisoner.

The initiative for these expeditions came from Niagara and Detroit where the British commander treated the Mingoes well, gave them clothing, food, blankets, high-sounding official commissions and offered fifty shillings for a scalp, five pounds for a prisoner.

The Delawares, hereditary enemies of the Iroquois, in some case sided with the Colonies, but were poorly rewarded for their good faith and had many reasons to repent of their choice and envy the British allies. For instance in the spring of 1780 Col. Brodhead tried his best to keep their favor:

I am not ignorant of the influence of the Delaware Council over near twenty different Nations and it is for that reason only why so much notice has been taken of them. There are villains amongst them as well as other people, but it must be confess that their Councils have been steady and their young men serviceable, and if a small assortment of Goods, paint & Trinkets could be had for them they might be brought to take a full benefit of your proclamation. But paper money without goods they cannot be taught to consider as a proper reward.

As time went on the tact of officials kept very few Indians friendly to the American side since the backwoodsman's prejudice against Indians was so keen and his creed; the only good Indian is a dead Indian. To

him a redskin is a redskin and it is a tolerant man who can tell the difference between Mingo and Delaware after his friend or brother has been scalped.

Fear, increasing with every rumor, ruled the frontier; the wonder is that so many stuck to their lonely clearings as Colonel Brodhead sent dispatches eastward calling on the harassed Assembly for help:

The Mingoes are again prevailed on by English goods & address to disturb our repose. They have lately killed and wounded several people in Westmoreland County & the tracks of four parties have been discovered on that frontier within the last four days and two parties of Indians have crossed the Ohio between Logstown and this place since Morning—

For heavens sake hurry up the Companies voted by the Honorable Assembly or Westmoreland county will soon be a wilderness.

—Brodhead.

(Note—Fayette was then a part of Westmoreland)

Our apprehensions of immediate danger are not lessened. But Greatly Aggravated by a most Alarming stroke, Capt. Philips, an Experienced good woodsman had Engaged a Company of Rangers for the space of two Months for the Defense of our frontiers, was surprised at his post on Sunday the 16th July, when the Capt. with Eleven of his Company were all taken and killed. When I receiv'd the Intelligence which was the day following, I marched with only ten men directly to the Place, where we found the House burnt to Ashes with sundry Indian Tomahawks that had been lost in the action. But found no Persons killed at the Place. But upon taking the Indian tracks, within about Half a mile we found ten of Capt. Philips Company with their Hands tyd and Murdered in the most Cruel Manner.

This bold Enterprise so alarm-



ed the Inhabitants that our whole frontiers were upon the point of Giving way but upon application the Lieut. of Cumberland County hath sent to our Assistance one company of the Penna. Volanteers which, with the volunteers Raised in our own County Hath so Encouraged the Inhabitants that they seem Determined to Stand it a little Longer.

—COL. PIPER.

These same years of 1781, '82, '83, two annoyances besides the savages added to the confusion of life in Western Pennsylvania: money and the boundary. Hard money was almost non-existent west of the mountains, and paper money practically trash, while the unsurveyed Pennsylvania-Virginia boundary line left people uncertain where their taxes and voting belonged. Enoch never doubted—he had been born in Pennsylvania and had taken an oath of fidelity to her early in the war, yet there were some who enjoyed the confusion and talked of forming a new state, thereby avoiding taxes, old debts and military service; others thought a new western state might be some help in their Indian warfare, though god knows how—since the old state was so helpless.

In 1781 George Rogers Clarke came into that country forming a new campaign against the Shawnees, Delawares and Sandusky towns. He found it hard to enlist recruits because of the small value of money, so he used force, in the name of Virginia, to empress men into service Lieutenant Lochry, with some other of the best men in Westmoreland, was an eager volunteer, so that finally Clarke secured a large enough force and after harvest was in they set off for the Indian country. Here are two notes which tell the tale. The first from Lt. Lochry:

I am now on my March with Capt. Stockeley's Company of Rangers and about Fifty Volunteers from this County. We shall join General Clarke at Fort Henry on the Ohio River.

Our Rangers have been very ill supplied with Provisions, as there has been no possibility of Procuring Meat, particularly as our Money has not been in the best Credit—We have generally

had Flour, but as I have kept the Men constantly Scouting it is hard for them to be without Meat.

Four months later:

Fort Pitt, December 3d, 1781

Sir,

I am sorry to inform your Excellency that this Country has got a severe stroke by the loss of Colone<sup>r</sup> Lochry and about one hundred (tis said) of the best men of Westmoreland County, including Captain Stockley & his Company of Rangers.

They were going down the Ohio on General Clarke's Expedition, many accounts agree that they were all killed or taken at the mouth of the Miami River I believe chiefly killed—this misfortune added to the failure of General Clarke's Expedition, has filled the people with great dismay many talk of retiring to the East-side of the Mountain early in the Spring—Indeed there is great reason to apprehend that the Savages, & perhaps the British from Detroit, will push us hard in the spring—and I believe there never were Posts—nor a Country in a Worse state of defense—Notwithstanding I am well informed there has been sundry meetings of people at different places for the purpose of concerting plans to emigrate into the Indian Country—What were the results of their meetings I cannot say—From what observations I have been able to make I am of opinion there is many obvious reasons that no time should be lost in running the line between Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Civil Government will never be fairly established till then nor even the Militia drawn out with regularity for their own defense. I have no reason as yet to complain of the people for the refractory ungovernable loose manners generally ascribed to them—I assure you Sir, my pity for their situation is rather excited than Wrath or indignation kindled. I have good grounds to believe that the Settlements at Canetucke & the falls will brake up—in which case I fear a number of adventurers who talk of going down to New Orleans with Flour will



be kill'd or taken. Council may depend during my stay here, that no exertions in my power shall be wanting in everything that may tend to the welfare of the State or protection of the Inhabitants as far as consistent

with my duty as an officer of the United States.

I have the honour to be,  
with great Respect, Sir,  
Your Excellencies  
most obedient Servant  
WM. IRVINE.



## II. TWO CAMPAIGNS

Another winter of security, another spring of dread and danger. Like all the settlers, Enoch carried his rifle at the plough while his children took turns keeping an Indian lookout on the hill. Enoch and his neighbors had luck with them: their farms lay in that corner of Westmoreland County furthest from Detroit and Niagara, and though near a river, its waters flow north—a current against hostile intentions. Just the same, through these years they lived on edge, hearing of murder and burnings less than twenty miles away, expecting their own scalps to go north with the next war party.

And every man took his turn as a Ranger on the Frontier, going out in companies against stray Indian camps or pursuing a war party sighted near the neighborhood. The man who did not go when his turn came sank under the sarcasm of his neighbors. They hated him out as a coward; they called it disgrace even to be without any article of war equipment, such as ammunition, a sharp flint, scalping knife or tomahawk.

Every foray Isaac wanted to go out with the young men. He wanted to go out with a whoop and he wanted to come back with a bloody Indian scalp. With the spring of 1782 came his eighteenth year. Then, old enough to be a ranger, taller than his father, like a young Indian in motion and strength, Isaac sheathed his legs in deerskin, pulled on his capacious deerskin hunting shirt, stuffed its bosom with bread, cake, jerk, and tow for wiping his rifle barrel. At his belt, on the right, he hung a tomahawk, on the left a leathern sheathed scalping knife, in front his mittens and a bullet knife. And Isaac went a-ranging on the frontier.

Amos Ashcraft raised a company of young fellows that year to go in a small party against stray Indian camps. Isaac went with that company and they saw service, but where, the record does not say. Two famous and fatal campaigns befell that year. The first of these took place in February against the Moravian Indians, town of gentle, harmless Christian Indians

who had always treated American troops with kindness bred of faith and fear:

Relation of what Frederick Lineback was told by two of his neighbors (who had just returned from the Monaungahela:

That some time in February one hundred & sixty Men living upon Monaungahela set off on Horse back to the Muskingum in order to destroy Three Indian Settlements which they seemed to be sure were the towns of some enemy Indians.

After coming nigh to one of the Towns they discovered some Indians on both sides of the River Muskingum. They then concluded to divide themselves in Two parties, the one to cross the River, the other to attack those Indians on this side—When that party got over the River they saw one of the Indians coming up towards them. They laid themselves flat on the ground, waiting till the Indian was nigh enough, then one of them shot the Indian and broke his arm; then three of the Militia ran towards him with Tomahawks; when they were yet a little distance he asked them Why they fired at him, he was Minister Sheboshs Son, but they took no notice of what he said but killed him on the spot. They then surrounded the field and took all the other Indians Prisoners. The Indians told them that they were Christians and made no resistance, when the Militia gave them to understand that they must bring them as prisoners to Fort Pitt they seemed to be glad. They were ordered to prepare themselves for the Journey and to take all their effects along with them. Accordingly they did so.

In the evening the Militia held a Council when the Commander of the Militia told his men that he would leave it to their choice either to carry the Indians as Prisoners to Fort Pitt or to kill



them; when they agreed that they should be killed. Of this Resolution of the Council they gave notice to the Indians by two Messengers who told them that, as they had said they were Christians, they would give them time this night to prepare themselves accordingly. Hereupon the Women met together and sung Hymns & Psalms all Night, and so did likewise the Men, and kept on singing as long as there were three alive.

In the morning the Militia chose Two houses which they called the Slaughter Houses and then fetched the Indians two or three at a time with Ropes about their Necks and dragged them into the Slaughter houses where they knocked them down; then they set these two houses on fire, as likewise all the other houses. This done, they went to the other towns and set fire to the Houses, took their plunder and returned to the Monaunahela where they kep a Vendue among themselves.

Instead of praise for a successful campaign, the Militia and Rangers in this case found 'that the Better Part of the Community are of Opinion the Perpetrators of that wicked Deed ought to be brought to condine Punishment, that without something is Done by Government in the Matter it will Disgrace the annals of the United States and be an everlasting Plea and Cover for British Cruelty.'

The Moravian Massacre roused in the Indians a craving for savage revenge. And the Militia Men played into their hands when, in May of 1782 the men of Washington, Youghiogheny and Westmoreland counties banded together for a raid into the Indian territories under the command of Col. Crawford.

June 4th the Pennsylvania volunteers met the Indians near Sandusky, Ohio. Dr. Knight, who was with the expedition and escaped from the general massacre, wrote an account when he got home.

In the words of Dr. Knight.

The officers agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing and we had already a number wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form into three lines, keeping

the wounded in the center . . . We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action when I heard Col. Crawford calling for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Maj. Harrison, Maj. Rose and William Crawford his nephews, upon which I came up and told him I believed they were before us . . . He asked, was that the Doctor? I told him it was, he then replied they were not in front and begged of me not to leave him--I promised him I would not.

By this time there was a very hot firing before us and, as we judged, near where our main body must have been. Our course was then nearly southwest, but changing it we went north about two miles. Judging ourselves to be now out of the enemy's lines we took a due east course taking care to keep at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards apart and directing ourselves by the north star . . .

After we had traveled about one mile and a half several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the Colonel and me. As we at first discovered only three I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight, when the Colonel called to me twice not to fire; upon that one of the Indians ran up to the Colonel and took him by the hand.

They then told us to call our men else they would go and kill them, which the Colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for that time.

Col. Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simeon Girty who lived among the Indians, and was on that account permitted to go to town the same night with two warriors to guard him. . . .

Tuesday morning the eleventh, Col. Crawford was brought out to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the Colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty? . . . He told me he had and that Girty had promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners, particularly Capt. Pipe, one of the Chiefs. . . . This Capt. Pipe had come from the towns about an hour before Col. Crawford and had painted all the prisoner's faces black.

As he was painting me he told me I should go to the Shawenese towns and see my friends. When the Col-



onel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched the Colonel and I kept back between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs, the other nine prisoners were sent forward. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path, tomahawked and scalped, some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. . . . Soon we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive. The Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground as they did also the Colonel and me. . . .

In the place where we were now made to sit down there was a number of squaws and boys who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer of the 13th Virginia regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were sitting and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed.

Almost every Indian we met struck us either with sticks or their fists.

When we were come to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough either for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him? Girty answered, yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Capt. Pipe, a Delaware Chief, made a speech to the Indians, about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body from his feet as far as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were dis-

charged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him and to the best of my observation cut off his ears; when the throng dispersed a little I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied. It was made of small hickory poles burnt quite thru in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burned black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him so that whichever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards upon which they would put a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw on him so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simeon Girty and begged of him to shoot him, but Girty making no answer he called to him again. Girty then by way of derision, told the Colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him laughed heartily. . . . Col. Crawford at this period of his sufferings besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low and bore his torments with the utmost fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, becoming almost spent, he lay down on his belly. They then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me 'there was my great Captain.' An old squaw (whose appearance everyway answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head after he had been scalped. He then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post. They next put a burning stick to him as usual but he seemed more insensible to pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Capt. Pipe's house, about three quarters of a mile from the place of the Colonel's



execution. I was bound all night and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indians untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place.

We soon came to the spot where the Colonel was burnt. I saw his bones lying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes. I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire. The Indians told me that was my big Captain and gave the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him.

The doctor escaped to tell the tale of the Indian's triumph.

A success of this kind gave the Indians new impetus, and, as Ephriam Douglass wrote the same year:

Every new day produces events worse than the past, besides a thousand false and groundless reports attended with all the evil consequences to the defenceless and terrified inhabitants that the reality of them could produce; our settlements are almost every day contracted and every new frontier more timid than the last.

I had determined to be down before the end of this month, but in the present state of alarming incidents I cannot prevail upon myself to leave the country; I wish to see the issue. In the meantime I will endeavor to give you the best account of our affairs that the confusion inseparable from a perpetual state of alarm will permit me.

Obviously the Indians and British were winning this game of scalp me or I scalp you. The prize is a continent—it is almost theirs—Why suddenly, did Sir John Johnson send a runner through the wilderness summoning the chiefs to council, calling in the War Belts, telling them the King's tomahawk is no longer raised against America?

The reason lay thousands of miles from the American backwoods, over the water, in the courts of France, Spain, Holland. These nations chose that Britain should lose an empire. They brought upon her the pressure of a European war that her power might be less in far places of the world.

And our frontier farmer, free from a long terror, no longer carries his rifle at the plough.



### III. PEACE

Another time of war has ended, the colonies are their own masters, the United States are a nation from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. For Enoch, the labor of living goes on, minus only its nightmare of dread anxiety.

In 1783 Fayette County had been made from southern Westmoreland, with Uniontown the county seat, and in that year Enoch recorded forty acres of cleared land, two horses, three cattle, seven sheep, having added ten cleared acres to what the Pennsylvania Council called 'that basis of Pennsylvania Commerce—agriculture—may the General Assembly always cherish and patronize it.' Enoch did well with his forty acres, each new acre enclosed by worm fences four and one-half feet high, the lowest rail never more than five inches from the ground to keep hogs from scooting under and rooting up the crops. But worm fences did not keep out the squirrels, a pest in 1783, guzzling, fattening, increasing on his new ripe grain.

After harvest time, in the fall, instead of going out on an Indian campaign, the boys rode the horses south-east over the mountain for salt. They had joined with some of their neighbors for the trip, each horse fitted out with a pack saddle, bell and collar, hickory hobbles and feed bag. The feed they left along the way to supply them on the home trip. Each man and boy had a large wallet well filled with bread, jerk, boiled ham and cheese. At night, after feeding, they let the horses out to pasture, the hobbles on their legs, a bell jangling at each ones neck.

On the road this cavalcade passed Gen. Washington coming west to look over his lands in those parts. Washington made a note in his journal 'In passing over the Mountains I met numbers of Persons and Pack horses going in with Ginseng (to exchange) for Salt and other articles at the markets below.' Besides ginseng the boys carried peltry and fur of a years collecting to barter for salt, iron and ammunition on the other side of the mountains. In the old days the salt

cavalcade had gone as far as Baltimore, but nowadays (1784) the country being so well settled, they found a market at Hagerstown, where the common price of a bushel of alum salt was equal to the price of a good cow and calf; on the way home each horse could carry two bushels weighing 84 pounds to the bushel.

While the boys were gone on the salt trip Washington had passed by their Georges Creek cabins and spent some time questioning the people about roads and waterways. At the same time an unknown young person named Albert Gallatin came amongst them to start a store.

Albert Gallatin, later one of our most brilliant statesmen, a senator and Secretary of the Treasury, had just come from Switzerland where he had been a friend of Voltaire and a follower of Rousseau. In 1784 he was carrying out the principles of his master by seeking a home in the uttermost wilderness where he had been surveying lands in Ohio, 150 miles west of the furthest settlement. However, depredations of the noble savage made him relinquish the remotest parts to try his fortunes on the borderline between wilds and civilization. He and his partner Savary chose Georges Creek because it lay between the headwaters of the Potomac and the nearest navigable branches of the Ohio; in their opinion they thus held in their hands the best practicable connection between the west and their market at Richmond.

Here Gallatin made his home and later built Friendship Hill.

"This then was the promised land . . . in point of fact it suggested Switzerland. No better spot could have been found in the United States for the men who had passed their youth by the shore of Lake Geneva, overlooked by the snowy summit of Mont Blanc. Friendship Hill rises abruptly from the Monongahela and looks eastward to the Laurel Ridge, picturesque as Serre could have imagined, remote as Rousseau could have wished." Gallatin said: "Although I should have been contented



to live and die amongst the Monongahela hills it must be acknowledged that, beyond the invaluable advantages of health, they afforded but few intellectual or physical resources. Indeed, I must say, that I do not know in the United States any spot which afforded less means to earn a bare subsistence for those who could not live by manual labor than this sequestered corner in which accident had first placed us."

Although Gallatin and his friends did not find the intellectual atmosphere of Georges Creek stimulating, the backwoods settlers, already natives of the soil and living by their own manual labor, had begun to consider some of life's amenities. First came gratification of the religious tendency.

In the early settling of the place, and while the Indian danger hung over them, the backwoodsmen had little regard for religion, that is, for a church of any kind. They might faintly observe Sunday from a superstitious feeling that bad luck came when you worked or hunted on that day. Otherwise the Protestant doctrine of their fathers grew dim in their minds. In the meantime both Europe and America had been affected by a fanatical religious revival. By the end of the eighteenth century this emotional wave had penetrated even the backwoods and caused Georges Creek to organize a Baptist Church, solemnly founded on the doctrine of original sin, requiring each new member's assent to the fact that he was 'conceived in sin and born in iniquity, utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil.' What hope had these 'evil' persons destined to a future Judgment Day when the wicked would be sent to endure everlasting Punishment? Good Calvinistic dogma all of it, and Enoch had been a Presbyterian east of the mountains. Why not join this socially despairing Baptist group? He turned the matter over in his mind. From Cumberland County his nephew John Morrow wrote protesting:

'Dear Uncle you know that the Chief Difference is in that of Baptism in the way and manner that it is Dispersed and you are sensible that it is not the

large Efusion of Water that will Expiate Guilt but only the Blood of Christ and why should you be tossed about with every wind of Doctrin?"

In spite of John's admonition Enoch and most of his family were baptised into the Baptist congregation as recorded in the Mount Moriah Monthly Meeting Minute Book. Yet Enoch did not swallow the church doctrine without question. His mind had an argumentative turn and at a later date he 'denies several of the important Doctrines of the Gospel and sent his sentiments in writing.' Unfortunately these sentiments are lost, yet after hearing Enoch's confession and explanation of his faith the Church 'unanimously Pronounced it Eronious and Disconsonant with the word of God, therefore the Church thinks proper not to deal with him at present but will wait a while with patience hoping the Lord will give him to see and acknowledge his error.'

One other member openly questioned the church doctrines. Philip Jenkins asserted that he was 'established in the opinion of the universal Salvation of all men.' When the members of the congregation put their agricultural intellects to this problem the majority voted that Philip's Doctrine of Universal Salvation was Heresy worthy of Excommunication.

True to the Calvinistic consciences of their British antecedents, with firm faith in evil and the wordly wickedness of joyous occasions, church members condemned with equal godliness horse running and racing, drinking, frolickin and dancin, fiddling, wife beating, swearing, exertion and oppression, killing deer out of season.

On one occasion of funeral festivity 'Bro. Ichabod Ashcraft brought on himself congregational censure—he had drank to excess sevreal times and in particular at a Burying in May 22nd last.' On another occasion 'Sister Cathern West being at a place of Frolickin Joind in Danceing with the rest of the Company—Resolved to Excommunicate her for dancing, obstancy and contempt of the authority of the Church.'

The worst crime of all is Brother Hersey's: Bro. L. Harrod and I. Morris being present Declareth that being on the Waters of Dunkerd Creek a



certain Betsy Biggs Informed them that Thos. Hearsey being there a certain time took her in private and hugged her and asked her to kiss him and talked to her in such a Manner that hurted her feelings.'

Anyone who felt called by the Lord and met the approval of the congregation preached in the backwoods church. July 9, 1798 'Brother William Stone requests Liberty to Exercises his Gifts in the way of preaching. The church give him two months upon trial.' Two months later: 'Respecting William Stone Exercising his Gifts a majority of the church looks upon as expedient that he should desist for a while.'

A few years later when the first enthusiasm of the western revival had worn off Enoch's daughter Sally wrote home:

'Mr. Tillet still continues to preach up and down the river and that is all the preaching we have—I am sometimes out of heart of ever having much Preaching in this place we are so divided and everyone filled with their own superstitious notions . . . We have Convenanters, Seceders, Presbyterians and Methodists and everyone wants to get a teacher of their own and their teachers will not preach without Pay and So we get

no Preaching only when Mr. Tillet gives us a call and then he Preaches gratis. I have thought sometimes I never knew a man so taken up with Preaching as he seems to be--He now rides more than Eighty miles and does not make any complaints tho he is often very much stricken in circumstances—He baptises one now and then but no grate Revival anywhere as far as I understand.'

As a general thing the church members were pretty friendly neighbors one to another and made a social party out of helping each other with the farm work, coming together for apple cutting or corn husking bees. Once when there was a husking at Robt. Richey's (1785) Philip Jenkins son and Buchannon's son had a rough and tumble fight, but instead of stopping it Philip yelled out—Play away John! The church members gravely considered this fault, finally deciding to forgive it even as they forgave Philip the later crime of "assolting and choking of Evan Davis and kicking of him and expressing his sorrow for not beating him more." Philip's virility of mind and body might have made him a martyr in another place and time. Here, eventually, the church members solemnly excommunicated him for holding a doctrine of Universal Salvation.



## Part IV.—Down the River

### I. ISAAC GOES OVER THE RIVER

In the fall of 1785 a friend of Enoch's wrote him from Sherman's Valley, Cumberland County: 'Dear Brother, there is much reason to return Great thanks to almighty God for his preservation through these critical times that has passed'. And in the next line hinted of critical times to come: 'Son John liveth on the place with me. He was minded to move his family and go to Keantook this fall but discouraged from it acont of the Saviges being trobelsom there.'

Another letter came that same fall from Enoch's sister, a matter of life in the first part and of death in its sequel:

Faunet Township, Cumberland County, Path Valley, August ye 23, 1785.

Dr Brother it hath pleased the almighty in the course of his provinence to provide an helpmete for me. We were maried last april ye 22 my Husband had 2 children by his first wife the oldest 14 years of age & ye youngest 10. We all live in love and Unity which is a great comfort to us Both, my son Benjamin is determined to go out to see you against 1st or 2nd week of October he expects that your son Isaac will go with him over the River on the Search of land. I have nothing more that is material to write you at present. My Son Benjamin can inform you Concerning the Affairs of the family. No more at present but my Husband joins me and family in our loving Respects to you and family Whilst we are your loving Brother and Sister

James and Mary Calhoun

He expects that your son Isaac will go with him over the River on the Search of land.

Isaac had been paid for his Rang-ing service in land certificates. By this time the best acres around home were pretty well settled. Vacant lands westerly are once more over the horizon's edge, a prize reached af-

ter journeying down the river to the rich country of the Ohio and Kean-took. So Isaac and Benjamin took one more step in the westward movement of the peoples. Their adventure is recorded in the family Bible—one short line across the brittle page:

'Isaac was murdered by Indians on Cumberland River July 25, 1786 aged 22.'

The truce had been only temporary and local, once more are wars and rumors of wars; where thin settlements straggled into Indian domain there the natives tried to dam the tide. Rumors came as early as 1784 that Sir John Johnson gave presents to the western tribes at Sandusky and made a speech saying 'as the war between Britain and American was now at an end, and as the Indians had engaged in it from their attachment to the crown and not from any quarrel of their own, he would as usual at the end of a war, take the Tomahawk out of their hand; though he would not remove it out of sight or far from them, but lay it down carefully by their side, that they might have it convenient to use in defense of their rights and property if they were invaded or molested by the Americans.'

Occassional Indian attacks came all along the Pennsylvania frontier during the next ten years. Although Fayette County was not often harmed, the Fayette Militia scouted along the border. In 1791 Basil Bowell's company went out on a tour of duty; John was one of the privates in the company, paid \$3 per month for service, glad to have a swat at the redmen in memory of Ike whom they had killed. Two years later John had risen to be a lieutenant in the militia patrolling the borders at \$20 per month.

In these latter years of the Indian wars young men made a great fad of dressing like Indians, going forth in hunting shirt, breech clout and leggins. The breech clout is a piece of cloth near a yard long, eight or nine inches broad. It passes under the belt before and behind, ending in an ornamented flap back and front. Strings from the belt hold the leggins on. Between hunting shirt and leggins



gleams an expanse of tan thigh and hip. Says Doddridge: 'The young warrior instead of being abashed by his nudity was proud of his Indian like dress. In some few instances I

have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance did not add to the devotion of the young ladies.



## II. WHISKEY

In those days, had you been living on Enocit's farm, the drudgery of daily life and the serene beauty of blue hills might have given you a sense of peace and orderiness through all the world. Yet looked at objectively and from this distance the situation was a chaos of Indians in the offing and constant political disharmony at home. One who lived in Uniontown in 1784 wrote that 'the animosities which have at different periods arisen among these people still subsist when the original causes have been long since removed. The people in this county may be divided into four different classes, the friends to Pennsylvania, the advocates for Virginia, the favorers of a new government, and the enemies to all, the tories, who were once in some degree formidable, and have not prudence enough yet to conceal the inveteracy of their hearts, and each of these descriptions abhore each other as heartily as ever did Guelph and Ghebellines.'

Besides the confusion of allegiance came the question of civil law. The people of that section had known nothing of law for many years—that is the law associated with courts, magistrates, sheriffs, taxes, etc. Custom and public opinion ruled them, laws more binding than any written code. Now, for the first time, civil law and government were brought to their attention by taxes, at a period when money was practically non-existent amongst them. Government assessors were about as popular as a squirrel in the corn crib. Yet the government had war expenses to pay, the people on the sea coast made little fuss, why should these Western Pennsylvania farmers object to rightful duties? Nevertheless Washington County gave its excise officer a dirty deal in April, 1786:

'About ten days ago a Mr. Graham, Excise officer for the three western Counties, was in the exercise of his duties in this county seized by a number of People and Treated in the following manner. viz. His pistols which he carried before him taken and broke to pieces in his presence, his Com-

mission and all his papers relating to his Office tore and thrown in the mud and he forced to stamp on them and Imprecate curses on himself, the Commission and the Authority that gave it to him, they then cut off one-half of his hair, cued the other half on one side of his Head, cut off the Cock of his hat and made him wear it in a form to render his Cue the most Conspicuous, this with many other marks of Ignominy they imposed on him & in the above plight they marched him amidst a crowd from the frontiers of this County to Westmoreland, calling at all the Still Houses in their way where they were Treated Gratis, and exposed him to every Insult and mockery that their Invention could contrive. They set him at Liberty at the entrance of Westmoreland but with Threats of utter Desolation should he dare to return to our County.'

Finally no one but a rough, fearless and trustworthy person would even attempt tax collecting in that moneyless country, and then only because he was appointed, and fined if he refused the job. Philip Jenkins of Fayette County had managed to bamboozle twenty-one pounds, fifteen shillings and four pence out of the cashless farmers, even so, in the Pennsylvania Archives we find Jenkin's own account of how bandits came by night:

'In the Night Between the 2d and 3d day of June Between 9 & 10 o'clock of the same, there suddenly Rush'd in at the Door of my Dwelling house three men each one having in one hand a Pistol and in the other a Club, and as quick as they stept on the floor Each one Cock'd his pistol (and all the family together was sitting before them and also some others that had come to accompany us sitting up with a sick Child then in the Cradle) then they said, Every one sit still the first that moves is a Dead person, then turning their faces



right to me they said where is the man of the house with that they step't towards me and said here is the Rascal and Deliver up your Duplicate and paper, with that gave me a stroke on the head and I said pray give me time and got up to go into the Room to get the Duplicate and warrant, now said they Deliver your Cash, then said I my Cash or what I have Collected is so trifling it is not worth your while to Robb me, you Damn Rascal said they Dont stand to prate, and with that did most violently Beat me with their Clubs on my head, then I pull'd out what I had in my Pocket and said Dont abuse me in such a manner there is the money, then they said give us more, I said I had none, with that they held their Cock'd Pistoles to my Breast, I said, Gentlemen Do not I beg of you take all my money for if you want to stop the tax lifting your haveing the papers is sufficient and do not be so cruel, then they grew furious and again Beat me and said give us your pistol I said I own'd none upon which one of them said to the other, I seen him have one, then I said it was none of mine and that it was Coll Gaddis's upon which they said Gaddis was a Clever fellow he Delivered up like a man but I was a Damn'd Rascal, I Deny'd what I had, then they swore they would search all the house but they would have all the money and accordingly one of them set about it with a Candle in one hand and his pistol and club under his arm while the other two men kep guard and when this Searcher for the tax found the money it made him merry, see here, said he taking up a handful of Crowns what a heap and the Damn'd Rascal Deny'd it thus he went on and searched every place in the House till he found all the money both publick and Private that was in the house and then all three of them stood before me and demanded of me if Ever I would have any more to Do with tax collecting I said I did not think I should, you Damn son of

a bitch, says they, if you do go on Collecting any more and Distressing for the tax you will be a Dead man and we will burn all you have, God Damn you, says they, we have a great mind now to smash you to the Earth, and lift up their Clubs, but only beat me, they also Robb'd me of a pocket Bottle, my Razor and some soap, one of them was a man about six foot or more Large Eyes inclining to clear, large nose and mouth and Remarkable long neck, having on a hunting shirt, yellowish under jacket having his middle tied with a spotted handkerchief Red and white woolen overalls and the other was something less, had on Trowsers and hunting shirt, they all had their faces streaked with Black two of them Could speak Dutch, one had the Dutch Dialect on his tongue, But I knew them not, nor had any suspicen who they were by their voice or features, the sum of money that was public property that I was Robb'd of was twenty one pounds, fifteen shillings and seven pence, my money was about forty shillings.

Although in the case of Philip Jenkins it happened that unprincipled persons took advantage of the general discontent, at the root of this objection to taxation the Pennsylvania backwoodsman had reason on his side. The tax he mainly objected to was the excise on whiskey. This he considered unfair because the high cost of transportation over the mountains cut off his eastern market, so he had to make whiskey, thus lessening the bulk to be carried. The poor roads, high tolls and hard trip over the mountains caused freight to cost \$125 per ton between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh at a time when the rate between Philadelphia and Europe was four shillings per ton. The Western farmer did send some grain down the Ohio and Mississippi by way of New Orleans to the West Indies but the Indian dangers kept this route impracticable. Because of the trouble finding a market the people had no money, what trade they did being by barter.

In 1792 Gallatin drafted a petition



from these men to Congress—a clear rational summary of the situation:

"Our peculiar situation renders this duty (on liquor) still more unequal and oppressive to us. Distant from a permanent market and separate from the eastern coast by mountains which render the communication difficult and almost impracticable we have no means of bringing the produce of our lands to sale either in grain or in meal. We are therefore distillers through necessity not choice, that we may comprehend the greatest value in the smallest size and weight. The inhabitants of the eastern side of the mountains can dispose of their grain without the additional labor of distillation more profitably than we can after we have bestowed that labor upon it. Yet with this additional labour we must also pay a high duty, from which they are exempted, because we have no means of selling our surplus produce but in a distilled state.

Another circumstance which renders this duty ruinous to us is our scarcity of cash. Our commerce is not, as on the eastern coast, carried on so much by absolute sale as by barter, and we believe it to be a fact that there is not among us a quantity of circulating cash sufficient for the payment of this duty alone. We are not accustomed to complain without reason; we have punctually and cheerfully paid former taxes on our estates and possessions because they were proportioned to our real wealth. We believe this to be founded on no such equitable principles, and we are persuaded that your honourable House will find on investigation that its amount, if duly collected, will be four times as large as any taxes which we have hitherto paid on the whole of our lands and other property."

Still attempts were made to enforce the excise law. Those distillers who violated it were obliged to appear in court at Philadelphia—an expensive trip in itself—more than the taxes would have been. Some violent spirits in the community seized upon this opportunity to bring all the unrest to a head, defy the government and form a new state. In Allegheny County they burned Gen. Neville's house because he stood for Government. They held an agitation

meeting at the Mingo Creek Meeting House, then a militia rendezvous at Braddock's Field where about two thousand men came together but did nothing much except burn a barn. Actually the whole disturbance amounted to very little and covered a period of only six weeks. The majority of the community stood for moderation and order. The wisdom and eloquence of Albert Gallatin carried the day so that when the matter was put to vote at a popular meeting in Brownsville moderation and government won.

A month after all agitation had calmed down the government militia from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia arrived on the scene, all agog for violent action, hoping to kill some rebels in an exciting campaign. Washington and Secretary Hamilton made strenuous efforts to find ring leaders and collected a horde of persons to take to Philadelphia for trial.

In Fayette county, where Enoch lived, Mr. Gallatin's soothing influence had kept the ferment down to one small bubble: some fervent souls raised a liberty pole in Uniontown expressing sympathy with the distillers. Numbers of people from the county were taken to trial at Philadelphia. When they had been examined and tried Albert Gallatin wrote home 'the whole insurrection of Fayette County amounts to one man accused of misdemeanor for raising a pole.'

The bulk of the agitation had been in Westmoreland, Allegheny and Washington Counties. Enoch's brother-in-law, John Hamilton of Ginger Hill, always moved in the thick of action. Being a sheriff and colonel of militia in the Mingo Creek settlement John felt called upon to be present at all the riots, though, as a friend of his asserts, 'only to restore order and prevent outrages.' Unfortunately Alexander Hamilton misunderstood John's intentions and he was 'dragged down to Philadelphia in the winter by a military guard, paraded through the streets, compelled to wear the word INSURGENT on his hat and then cast into prison.' Gallatin wrote home (May 1795) that John Hamilton and some others, after 'being in jail three months are altogether cleared, the grand jury not having



even found bills for misdemeanor against them.' These hardships increased John Hamilton's popularity in Washington County so that he became state representative, a trustee of the young Jefferson College, a judge and a Person of Importance, in later life corpulent, pink and pompous, always appearing in the streets and courts of Washington, Pa. with snow white ruffles and ivory mounted cane.

The last decade of the eighteenth century was the end of an epoch for Enoch and for Western Pennsylvania. It saw the last of the Indian menace and the opening of the Mississippi to Western trade. No Indian war party ever again entered Pennsylvania after Mad Anthony Wayne routed the Redmen under Tecumseh and the Little Turtle at the battle of Fallen Timbers in the Ohio Country, August 20, 1794. By a treaty (1795) Spain

gave us full right to navigate the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, free of duty or obstruction.

The men of the Western Waters had achieved their two aims, uncontested possession of the land, an outlet for their products. And that outlet was not East over the mountains by the routes of past; it is before them, down the river, along the paths of the Western Waters. By the same token Enoch is no longer a frontiersman; he had helped to shift the backwoods and now finds himself a settled, prosperous farmer in a quiet land much like the Chester County of his younger days.

The borderland had moved West to the Ohio country and Enoch's sons were following the receding frontier Down the River as his grandsons will follow it across the plains.



### III. BACKWOODS WEDDING

Place before you a map of America showing clearly the great rivers of the continent with their uttermost branches like the nervous system of the human body: there you have the highways and transportation system followed by the Indian, the trader, the early settler and farmer until the coming of railroads.

Enoch's acres lay near Georges Creek, about five miles from the Monongahela, an upper branch of the Ohio. It was the mouth of Georges Creek which Washington and Gallatin had hit on as being the best western end for a portage between the Potomac and the Western Waters, and there (1794) Gallatin laid out the little town of New Geneva with high hopes, although Redstone, a few miles farther down the river, remained the important port for these upper reaches.

In the year 1789 Colonel May, a trader from Boston, came out with five tons of goods in four-horse wagons, loaded the merchandise on a boat at Redstone, where Colonel Burd had built his log storehouse, and sold up and down the river as long as the settlers had any money. Even then Colonel May found too many traders on the river to suit him, and the people soon ran out of cash, although eager to barter their produce. That year traders turned back before Marietta because of Indian alarms. Then Redstone was 'quite small, not more than 50 houses, but a prodigious thoroughfare for travelers into Kentucky and the Western country. Not less than fifteen thousand souls have taken their departure hence this summer.'

With the Indian fear abated, each year the number of voyagers down the Western waters increased. No other time nor country has known a movement quite like these river migrations. Fourteen years after Col. May's trip another recording traveler saw numerous trade and family boats passing continually. 'In the spring and fall the river seems covered with them. The trading boats, laden with flour, whiskey, peach brandy, cider, bacon, iron, potter's ware, cabinet work, etc., all products or manufac-

ture of the country, are destined for Kentucky and New Orleans or the towns on the Spanish side of the Mississippi. The family boats carry the families of emigrants with their furniture, farming utensils, etc., to the new settlements they have in view. These boats are generally called Arks, and are said to have been invented by Mr. Krudger on the Juniata about ten years ago. They are square and flat-bottomed, about forty feet by fifteen with sides six feet deep, covered with a roof of thin boards and accommodated with a fireplace. They require but four hands to navigate them, carry no sail and are wafted down by the current.'

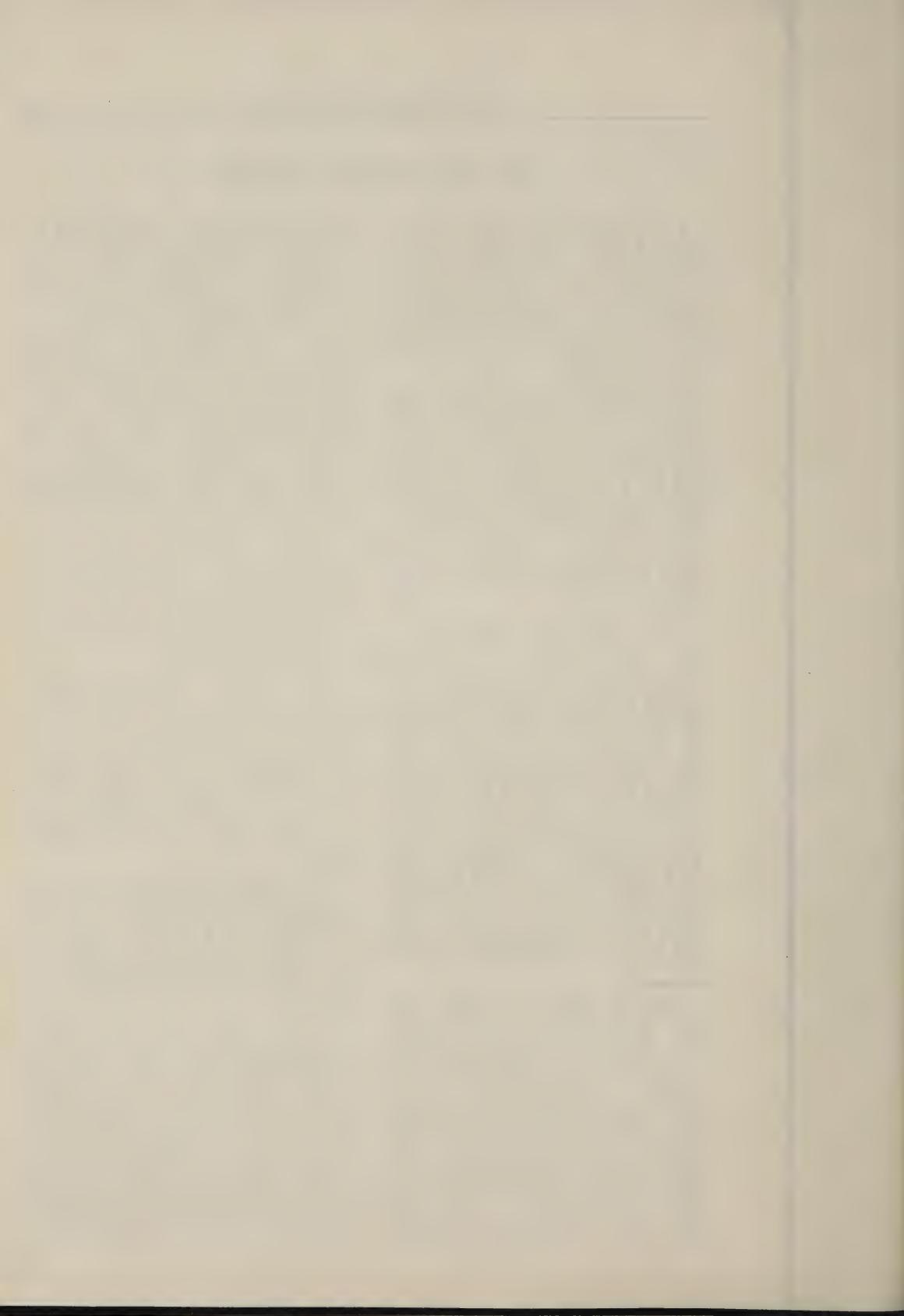
Before the year 1806 seven of Enoch's children had followed the water paths to the Ohio country or beyond—by canoe, flat boat or ark. Isaac had gone first, over the river on the Search of Land, and in that wilderness had died.

Six years later the girls began to marry and go. Mary, Jean, Sarah, Florence, Margaret and likewise John and Sally, his wife. Between 1792 and 1806 Jean laid out the food for five weddings as her daughters one by one married sons of the border. Years later, when customs had changed, Doddridge recalled the manner of these backwoods marriages which he had seen many times in his younger days.

'For a long time after the first settlement of this country the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank and very little of fortune. On these accounts the first impression of love resulted in marriage and a family establishment cost but a little labor and nothing else.'

'At that time a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scot or campaign.'

'In the morning of the wedding day the groom and his attendants as-



sembled at the house of his father for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon because the nuptials for certain must take place before dinner.

'Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people without a store, tailor or mantuamaker within a hundred miles, and an assemblage of horses without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shooepacks, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting shirts and all home made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bed gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles they were the reliques of old times, family pieces from parents or grandparents. Our horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles and packsaddles with a bag or blanket thrown over them: a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather.

'We set off in double file along the horse path, the march often interrupted by narrowness and obstructions for we had no roads, and these difficulties the neighbors often increased sometimes from good, and sometimes from ill will, by felling trees and tying grape vines across the way. Sometimes they formed an ambuscade by the way side and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place so as to cover the wedding party with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge—the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling!

'Another ceremony commonly took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whiskey began, which was at an early date. When the party came within a mile from the place of their destination two young men would single out to run for the bottle. The worse the path, the more logs, brush, deep hollows, the better, as these obstacles afforded an opportunity for the greater display of intrepidity and horsemanship. The English fox chase, in point of danger to the riders and their horses, is nothing to this race for the bottle. The starter set them off by an Indian yell. Over logs, brush, muddy hollows, hill

and glen dashed the rival ponies. The bottle was always filled for the occasion so we needed no judges, for the first who reached the door grabbed the prize, with which he returned in triumph to the company. As he came up he announced his victory by a shrill whoop. At the head of the troop he gave the bottle first to the groom and his attendants and then passed it along, giving each a dram, and then putting the bottle in the bosom of his hunting shirt, took his station in the company.

'The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls and sometimes venison and bear meat roasted and boiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. During the dinner the greatest hilarity always prevailed, although the table might be a large slab of timber hewed out with a broad axe, supported by four sticks set in auger holes and the furniture some old pewter dishes and plates, the rest wooden bowls and trenchers, on some tables a few pewter spoons much battered about the edges. The rest were made of horn. If knives were scarce we covered the deficiency by scalping knives which we carried in sheathes suspended to the belt of our hunting shirts.

'After dinner the dancing commenced and generally lasted till next morning. We danced three and four handed reels or square sets and jigs, beginning by what we called jiggling it off, that is, two of the four would single out for a jig and were followed by the remaining couple. Toward the latter part of the night, if any of the company, through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves for the purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor and the fiddler ordered to play "Hang on till tomorrow morning."

'About nine or ten o'clock a deputation of young ladies stole off the bride and put her to bed. In doing this it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboard lying loose and without nails. This ascent, one might think, would put the bride and her attendants to the blush, but as the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was pur-



posely opened for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner end were well hung with hunting shirts, petticoats, and other articles of clothing, the candles being on the opposite side of the house the exit of the bride was noticed by but few. This done, a deputation of young men in like manner stole off the groom and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued and if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man, when not engaged in the dance, was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls, and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity the bride and groom were not forgotten. Pretty late in the night some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshment. Black Betty, which was the name of the bottle, was called for and sent up the ladder, but sometimes Black Betty did not go alone. I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork and cabbage sent along with her as would afford a good meal for a half

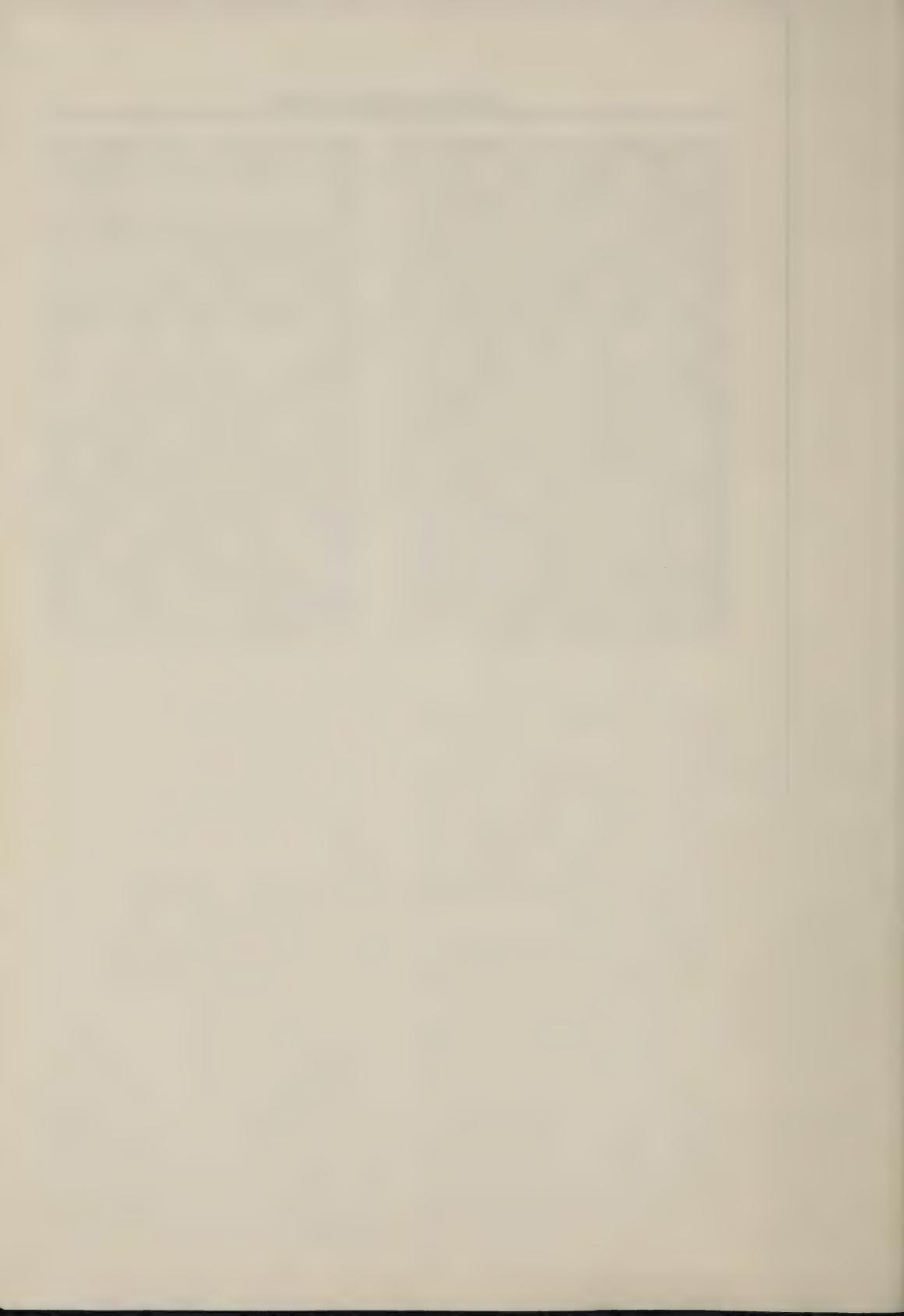
dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat and drink, more or less, of whatever was offered them.

'In the course of the festivity if any wanted to help himself to a dram and the young couple to a toast he would call out:

"Where is Black Betty? I want to kiss her sweet lips." Black Betty was soon handed to him. Then holding her up in his right hand he would say:

"Health to the groom, not forgetting myself; and here's to the bride, thumping luck and big children."

'This, so far from being taken amiss, we considered as an expression of a very proper and friendly wish, for big children, especially sons, were of great importance as we were few in number and engaged in perpetual hostility with the Indians, the end of which no one could foresee. Indeed many of them seemed to suppose that war was the natural state of man, and therefore did not anticipate any conclusion of it; every son was therefore considered as a young soldier.'



#### IV. OHIO PIONEERS

As soon as the waters rose high enough after each wedding, Mary, Jean, Sarah, Florence, Margaret and John at different times carried their belongings to New Geneva and, loading them on arks, floated down the Monongahela to fresh settlements. A stranger new to the country recorded his first sight of such a company (Michaux, 1802):

"I was alone upon the banks of the Monongahela when I perceived at a distance five or six barges going down the river. I could not conceive what these great square boxes were which, left to the stream, presented alternately their ends, sides and even angles. As they advanced I heard a confused noise but without distinguishing anything on account of their sides being so very high. However, on ascending the banks of the river I looked down and perceived in these barges several families carrying with them their horses, cows, poultry, wagons, ploughs, harness, beds, instruments of agriculture—everything for cultivating and domestic use."

John and his brothers-in-law knew the Ohio country from months of scouting after Indians among its woods and river hills. When their boxy arks came to land down the river they began as their fathers had done, and in their own lives repeated the first wilderness years of Enoch and Jean: the same cabin in a clearing, the same strangling forests to be hewed and burned, the same tension between Indian alarms and days of peace.

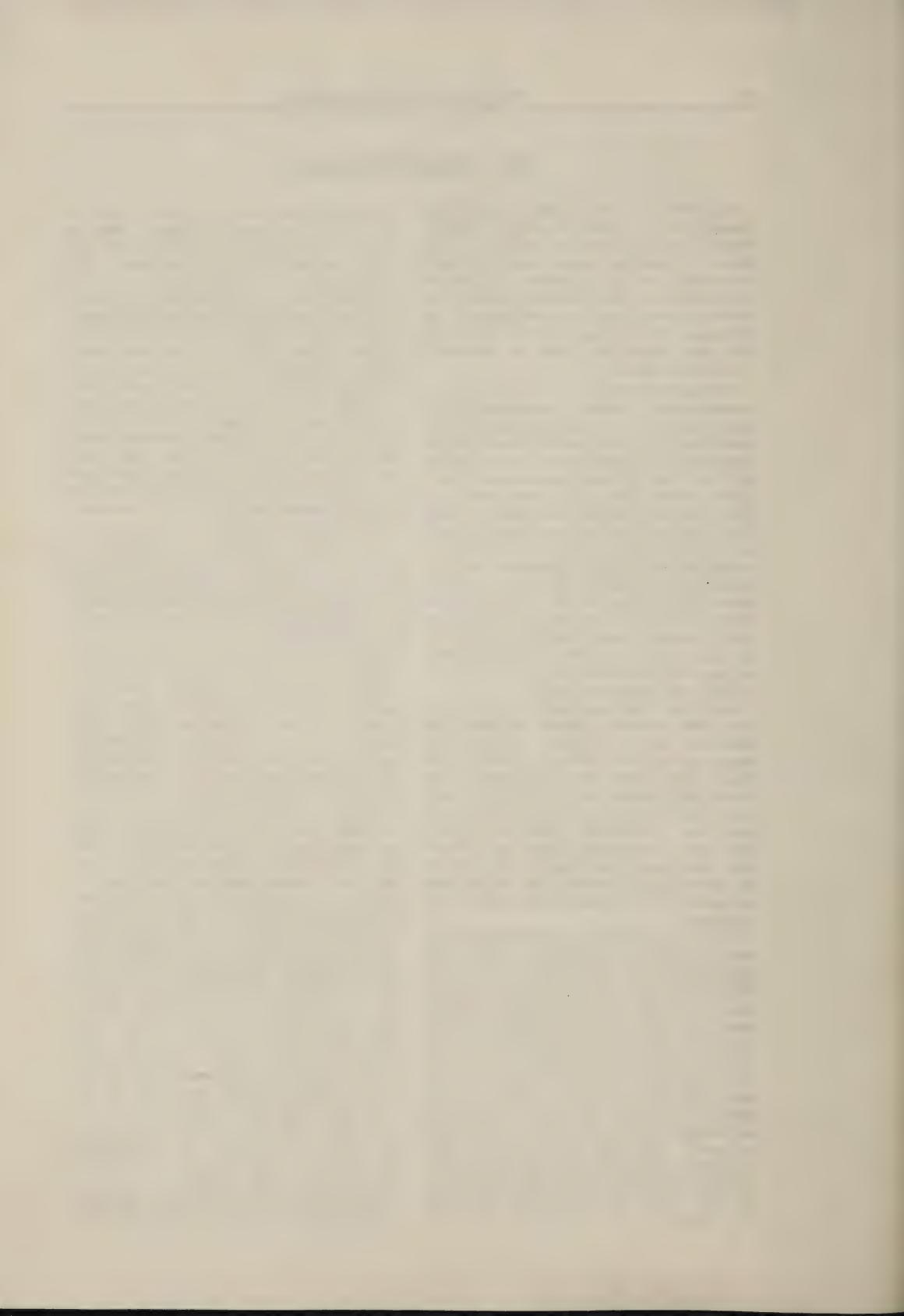
When a traveler or neighbor poled back up the river home to the old settlements he carried in his shirt letters to the "honored parent, Living on the Waters of Georgis Creek near the iron works at Reeses Mill" news from William Buchanon and Jean modestly beginning "I have nothing very particular to inform you of" belied by the next line, "But that we have a very fine son, that he is well at present and Jean would be greatly rejoiced that she could enjoy the happiness of seeing you all onst more and she would be very glad that some of you were living in this Country and Jean is as well since she had

this childe as ever she has bene in her Life." At another time it was "a yong Daughter, a very fine thrifthy child named Peggy." Restrained enthusiasm nearly burst its bonds the fall of 1801 when besides a "very good prospect of Grapes in this Neighborhood this season." William Buchanon could add: "I have one more thing to inform you of concerning our worldly affairs my old mare has brought me a colt this spring past and I expect he will make a first rate hors if there is any in this Country from the figguar that he is at this time and my other 2 mares has 2 that are of a first Rate But this ought not to be our concarnes as we are accountable Beings to God. . . ."

That same week John exercised his mind and pen over worldly concarnes of another nature, telling his father: "I think I have an opertunity of making something if I had iron. There is a considerable call for Iron tools and will command cash by giving Some credit and there is many persons I could credit with Safety. You will conclude I Crave riches I expect but I flater myself I Doe not more than what is every Man's Duty to provide for himself and famely. I should be glad if you could make it convenient to provide some Iron and send it down by some Safe hand if you could do it without Disobliging yourself. I would not wish you to Inger yourself in the least But would alow myself to pay you as I would another man and if you had no opertunity to Send some I would endever to come up myself if you would wright to me Respecting of it. Let me know the quantity and the asortment good large hard bars, plow molds of a midling size, from 25 to 35 ax bars & sealip bars, harow tooth bars and comon bar iron—But dont Disoblige yourself on my Accont But as a number of people has Requested me to Endeaver to get another stock of Iron this fall is the Reason made me wright to you.

If you send Iron down alow it to be left at the mouth of Bullskin at one Matikles just on the bank below the mouth of the Creek."

It was Lemuel Stephenson, husband of Florence, who with facile pen cov-



ered chatty pages and let the family know that "Brother John as it Respects this world's goods is full and plenty But his thirst for spirituous Liquor Deprives him and his wife of that satisfaction they might otherwise Injoy."

In December of 1807, by the hand of I. Dean, Lemuel sent up the river one of his conversational epistles:

"Dear and Respected father and mother with the assistance of this pen & Ink I have set down to Inform you that I and my family are well at this time we hope that these lines may finde you our dear Relations all well. Florence left home this morning to go over to see her sister Polly. Polly has been sick for 3 or 4 weeks & we heard yesterday that she was very low. Her first Complaint was with her Brests one has been lanced once or twice she has suffered a great deal with them But whether she is sick other than with misery of her Brests I did not hear. . . . Sally went over with my wife & Florence had to leave the childer & I am nursing the Baby for it is not yet weaned & is a very good child Featured & complected very much like our other dear little daughter Betsy. Sister Jean and her family are well also John & family are all well & James has been licensed to preach and has preached one sermon and is thought to make a Exceeding good offer—we did not hear him but ware informed by a person yesterday who was to hear him. Our settled Preacher is one W. Riley a well meaning man I think but is a very weak man and the Methodists do sift him most wonderfully & appear to be ready to smite with swords of Ridicule at every chance—I have nothing more particular to write—Our fare is course but our appetites are very good—Florence is hearty and she is more fleshy than she formerly was. Horsemill meal makes rough bread but health with it makes contentment—

"We have got a Tolrable stock—I have 7 head of cattle—I have but a few weeks since bought 3 sheep—I have 14 head of hogs—4 of which I am fating to kill—Florence has bought her 4 geese these with our 2 mares is our stock. We have had good luck with our creturs so far except with my swine—I have lost 6

head since spring (chok'd with a dog at the Ear).

"The land which I have wrote about in my other letters is not yet sold Nor the owner has not yet come toward. Here might be a seat for Brother Enoch & Sis Anna if they would come. I want 2 or 3 more neighbors that side of me & would be glad to fill that vacancy with a Brother or some of the good old neighbors with you—ie Wm. Anguish or Richard Wills or other like them—we have very good neighbors here now they appear kind & obliging—James Buchanan is become almost a Devil—he has ever since harvest been striving to Injure the carater of Jean & Peggy and myself. It has been a great trouble to Jean & he seems to giory in his most abominable falsehoods—he first broke loose in harvest when Intoxicated & he has been vomiting floods of slander frequently since Indeavouring to destroy the Reputation of the whole family—Especially sister Peggy & Jean and myself—But his tongue has been heard before.

"Write to us dear father by Lot when he comes down as he is going up. Our kind love to you all hoping you may Injoy health and hapness to your lifes end—the children wishes to be remembered to their grand dady & many & to their Uncles and Aunts Perticularly to Betsy and to Leah Sturges . . . give our unfeigned Respects to the Old Neighbors perticularly to W. Anguish & Lady to Mr. Williams & Lady & to all who may inquire after us.

"Here I shall close by subscribing myself your son and well wisher Through Life.

"LEMUEL STEPHENSON."

James and William, Enoch's youngest, did not go down the River. As the last of the family they stayed home to help the old man and iherit his farm. By the time these youngest had come to fighting age their own home was secure and safe from depredation, although, like their family and neighbors, they were still assuming that warfare is part of the natural state of man and that every boy goes for awhile scouting to defend the frontier.

On a day of the month of December 1811, being in the twenty-fifth year of his age, James read with emotional patriotism from the Fayette & Greene



Spectator for Saturday night, November 30, an account of Governor William Henry Harrison's expedition against the tribes under Tecumseh and the Prophet his brother. Governor Harrison had been attacked near Tippecanoe Creek November 11 and detailed dispatches from the army were just reaching the settled regions. The Spectator printed at length several accounts, ending with this fervent encomium from the Georgetown Telegraph:

"We have lost! how shall I express it without rending the heart unable to support the shock—the excellent, the brave, I may say the great col. Daveiss is no more! The late engagement of gov. Harrison has proved fatal to many who accompanied this great inestimable man—Surrounded by a howling wilderness at a dead hour of the night when many were sleeping with confident security in the fallacious and friendly protestations of the foe they were surprised—Col. Daviess with more than mortal power resisted the shock & endeavored by his unparalleled courage and presence of mind to form his troops. With comparatively few chosen heroes he charged the thick array of savage numbers. But courage and confidence in this pre-eminent son of Kentucky could not avail while the darkness of the night shrouded the tawney sons of the wood and a forest of savage tomahawks and rifles were dealing

death around. This unexampled warrior in discharging his fire arms which proved fatal to the savage arm just raised to shed his blood, received in his breast three balls, and when he was told an hour after that the enemy had been beaten he said 'I have done my duty, I am satisfied, my country is victorious' and a few hours after expired."

Words to fire the soul of a citizen of these new United States! James took his quill pen in hand and across the news sheet recorded this hope:

"Indian Expedition Governor Harrison

"May his next attack be decisive and terminative in putting an end to that insidious Prophet (the Shneway) and may he put him under way and never let him stop this side the Rocky Mountains or Eternity."

The next fall when Indian annoyances had expanded into another war with Britain, James joined the Republican troop of Cavalry, volunteer light dragoons, commanded by Capt. James A. McCleland. That summer the United States had lost her Northwest with the surrender of Detroit by a pusillanimous general. In the year 1813 Harrison by land and Perry on Lake Erie reversed the situation. The Republican troop of Cavalry moved about through these pregnant days, a factor in the final achievement.



## V. LETTERS FROM THE FRONT—WAR OF 1812

Cleveland, O.,  
July 31st, 1813.

Dear Sir

As a duty incumbent on myself I take this opportunity of informing you that I am still alive though I have had a midling sevar spell of the fevers but am now as harty as ever though weak. I mentioned in my last letter to you the loss of my horse. I have since purchased another for which I paid ninety three dollars & have still some money left (say forty dollars). I have received since in the service about one hundred dollars, two months pay is now due me, our wages are about seventeen dollars & thirty cents per month which is abundance to keep us handsomely—I have not yet been paid for the horse I lost but there can be no doubt that I will as mine were kild by the enemes shot in the presence of a hundred witnesses. Those horses it seems that are otherwise lost or dye will not be paid for—my cloathes are yet tolerable good though considerably smoked but not ragid—so from the above account you may see that I am not likely to suffer for the want of anything. Provisions I believe will be plenty in our army this summer—and if I have my health I fear nothing else.

I have frequently wrote to you mentioning our post without informing you particularly where they were. For your better information read the following—This place lies on lake Eary at the mouth of Kiahugia river 130 miles from Pittsburgh. . . . the Seneca Tavern the place of head quarters & where our forces are now concentrating is 9 miles from lower St. Duskey . . . the course from the rapids or Ft. Megs to ? on Hulls Road is nearly south & 190 miles distance this road is strung with Blockhouses and stockades at the distance of from 15 to 30 miles apart—ft. Wane, Desquesnes, Winchester and St. Maryes lies to the west of Hulls road on the waters of the Miamia—this geographical account I am aware is perhaps by no means correct but a person unacquainted with this country and frontier with the help of the above account may form a midling notion of its situation and extent and

likewise the disadvantages that an army must necessarily labour under in penetrating those savage wilds with so many posts to defend—The margins of the lake are thinly settien from this place up as far as Huron hive which is a distance of about 75 miles likewise the different waters which empty into it . . . all have small settlements on them. The situation of those people are seriously alarming—twenty four hours sallie might bring the saviges among them & in their defenceless situation 200 Indians would sweep the lake. It makes my blud run cold within me to see innocence so exposed—those frontiers have already been died a pale crimson with the blood of helpless women and their more helpless offspring—when I contrast those things with a few years back when publick prints were filled with high sounding words by men in the interior of our country whose pledges of lives fortunes and everything dear to them has served as a lure to entrap thos innocent people, when I see the only Republick on Gods erth with the only Government where man dare speak or act as man on the verge of ruin I am almost constrained to wish that I had a voice like thunder and language like the God of eloquence till I would make thos U. S. echo and tremble from one extent to the other and warn the people of their danger. I would thunder shame into the souls of those high sounding boasters who are now gone into their lurking places or like the cowardly dog yet baying at a distance. I must drop this subject and begin to conclude my letter—you may expect to hear something serious in this quarter as our little fleete at Eary is now ready & will cooperate with Gen. Harrison I have not much doubt of our success at least for a while God grant it I will write again when anything of importance occurs Heaven bless you

JAMES ABRAHAM  
Private U. S. Army

To his father & mother

Our eourial brags on us very much and says we have the courage to fight like dogs but we have very pore arms



Nothing more at present I hope you will look over my mistakes as I have to right on my knee.

Cleveland

Saturday 7th Aug. 1813

Sister Betsy

I know there has a fear existed on the minds of the believing part of my connections that a camp life and the many inducements to vices that are prevalent in an army would have a tendency to impare my morais and increase my vices—when I entered the service I was apprised of these evils & guarded against them—The following has been my rule of conduct (or as near as I could come to it) sence in the service I have in the first instance paid strict attention to my duty as a soldier with a jealous eye over my officers (though an impartial one)—I pay obedience to orders though I submit to nothing degrading or anything that would in the least impare my natural animal spirits or that nobleness of mind which naturally do exist—Those many vices so prevalent in armyes I have been a strict observer of them without mingling with them—This

likewise has bean my rule of conduct with respect to every other thing that occurs—in short I keep out an eye of observation and my mind actively employed in reflections and considerations of what is observed—I know this has been my aim at all events and I believe I have received an experience in this way that will be of use to me . . . I would not wish you to infer from this that I intend continuing in the service, it is not my intention at any event but to return hom as soon as my term expires which will be on the fifth day of October—You will not take it amiss if I inform you that Major Crougen the young Washington who defended Lower St. Duskey with such galantry is not more than 21 years of age. Before this reaches you you will no doubt hear the particulars of that action and how that post came to be defended let it suffice at this time for me to remark that Maj. Crougen was at Tippocano, at the seige of Ft. Megs and now has made the most juditious and gallant stand that has been made since the declaration of war—With most loving respect yours, etc, etc.

JAMES ABRAHAM.



## EPILOGUE

After seventy-seven years of life Enoch put his house in order and sat down in the September sun. Contemplatively he looked upon the blue mountain ridges eastward; he felt the warm clapboards of his snug house against his spine. Around him extended his acres of cleared fields growing lusty crops of corn, wheat, oats, rye, buckwheat, outlined in the cross stitch of black rail fences; voices of creatures well fed in the barnyard: horses, cows, ducks, turkeys, chickens, lambs, even a pea fowl. Within doors wide stone hearths and the pleasure of good furniture, walnut, neat cabinet work in the latest manner, chests of drawers, bedsteads, Windsor chairs of maple, a desk James had had made with the spread eagle painted on its slant lid. In the cellar rows of grey and blue pottery jars waiting to be put up with fruit, salted meat, pickle, against the winter months.

He had deeded *Vegetability*, equally halved, to James and William. They were to pay each of the children in Ohio \$150. Enoch had reserved for himself the household furniture, beds and bedding and one gray horse, \$250 for himself and Jean, \$500 for Betsy, the small daughter who had stayed at home working a sampler, knitting lace or patching quilts while her hearty sisters increased the population on a new frontier. Everyone had agreed to the fair impartiality of the whole arrangement which reserved to Enoch, "Jane his wife and Elizabeth their daughter a proper, reasonable and comfortable subsistence" during the rest of their natural lives. He felt satisfied to have it settled while he lived, without dispute or contention, with ample justice for all.

The great task is finished, the moun-

taints crossed, the home established. Although hard work and hard weather have begun to tell on him, Enoch knows that good luck has been his—Indian wars on all sides since his earliest days, yet wherever he has been, at that moment, in that place, was peace. To the East rises the blue mountain wall, a wall between past and present; westward the world stretches ever more level towards the setting sun, towards the Ohio country, land of the future, a future Enoch knows is not his; it belongs to the sons and daughters who have risen in strength to take over the tasks he is ready to lay aside.

And who will say that Enoch's tale is not a part of the building of a nation, as the story of one boulder in the bridge, holding his place sturdily adding strength to the structure.

Eight years after his work was done Enoch lived in quiet; then they buried his body among his neighbors in a plot by the log meeting house.

And the word of the preacher comes to mind:

Let us now praise famous men,  
And our fathers that begat us,  
There be of them that have left a  
name behind them  
To declare their praises.  
And some there be which have no  
memorial;  
Who are perished as tho they had  
not been,  
And are become as tho they had  
not been born;  
But these were men of mercy,  
With their seed shall remain con-  
tinuously a good inheritance;  
Their bodies were buried in peace,  
And their name liveth to all genera-  
tions.

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